# American West

The land and its people

January/February 1983 $3

Will James—artist, writer sad as a ballad
Springtime midwife to 300 Montana cows
La Salle's secret challenge to Spanish rule
Naco—bomb-scared out of fifty years

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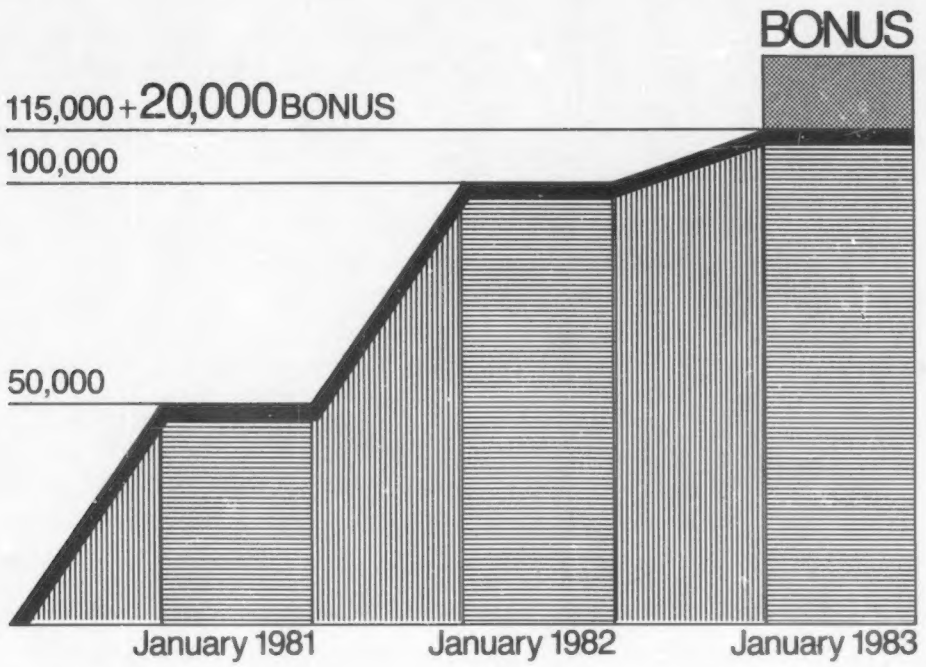
# American West's Circulation Growth




## TO: OUR COMPLIMENTARY COPY FOLKS

## BONUS CIRCULATION!

In the last issue we told you that with the January/February, 1983, issue AMERICAN WEST would be delivered to 15,000 more subscribers, boosting our circulation to 115,000. Well, even we underestimated the immediate growth potential of AMERICAN WEST, and we have exceeded our own circulation projections. Beginning with this issue, and for the first six months of 1983, AMERICAN WEST will be delivered to 20,000 additional subscribers, a 17% circulation bonus above the rate base!

The circulation bonus is the result of a surge of new AMERICAN WEST subscribers, plus a list of 25,000 readers purchased from *Desert* magazine, which has ceased publication. These 25,000 readers will be receiving AMERICAN WEST in lieu of *Desert* to fulfill their subscriptions.

This considerable 20,000 boost in our circulation is a real bonus to AMERICAN WEST advertisers. The present advertising rates are based upon a 115,000 circulation, calculated to give advertisers the most efficient cost per thousand readers (CPM) for their budgeted dollars. The circulation bonus means that your message will now be delivered to 20,000 more AMERICAN WEST subscribers at no additional charge above the current rates.

**Art Directory**

Don't miss the AMERICAN WEST Art Directory on page 48! The directory is the first in a series of FREE reader inquiry services we will be offering advertisers in 1983. Through the directory AMERICAN WEST readers are invited to send for more information from the advertisers listed by simply circling the corresponding number on the adjoining postage-paid envelope. All inquiries from interested, prospective buyers will then be forwarded to advertisers on mailing labels. We are

pleased that 45 of our valued art advertisers responded to this FREE marketing service and are listed on the first directory.

For those of you who missed the opportunity to appear in this directory, contact your sales representative today and make reservations to participate in the next AMERICAN WEST Art Directory which will be published in the July/August issue.

**Travel Advertisers**

AMERICAN WEST presents a market of 115,000 subscribers (and don't forget the 20,000 bonus) who are excellent targets for your 1983 advertising program. They have the time, income, and most significantly the inclination to travel. A recent readership survey, conducted by the Mark Clements Research, Inc. of New York, revealed these important marketing facts on AMERICAN WEST readers:

81.4% vacationed in the past year

| | |
|---|---|
| 70.9% took two trips or more | 61.9% — are male |
| 2.29 — average trips taken | 50.6 — average age |
| 23.59 — average travel days | $43,070 — average income |

In the March/April issue you will have the opportunity to zero in on these travel prospects through the AMERICAN WEST Travel Planner. Reach them directly just as they begin to make their Spring and Summer travel plans. Travel advertisers running a minimum 1/6 page or more in any of the first three issues of 1983 will qualify for a FREE 35-word listing in this reader inquiry service. All requests for more information on your particular travel product or service will be forwarded to you on mailing labels.

Details on the Travel Planner, plus complete travel demographics on the AMERICAN WEST reader are available by contacting:

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The March/April issue closes on January 14. This is your opportunity to take advantage of AMERICAN WEST's bonus 20,000 circulation, and to participate in the FREE Travel Planner. Two good reasons to start the New Year out right.

We've moved our New York office. AMERICAN WEST is pleased to welcome aboard: **Arnie Green and Molly Lockwood of Catalyst Communications, 244 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016, (212) 557-7510.**

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# American West

January/February 1983 Vol. XX, No. 1

From **Lone Cowboy** © 1930 Charles Scribner's Sons; 1958 Auguste Dufault. Courtesy Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hays, Arizona West Galleries, Scottsdale

Cover

**About Christmas time, a stump-headed bronk bucks off the side of a mountain with him** *(detail).* Oil on canvas, 1932, 26″ x 21″, by Will James.

Learning the skills of a cowpoke as he drifted from one spread to another in the American West, Will James realized his youthful ambition to become a cowboy. Untutored in art and letters, James drew and wrote convincingly about cowboy life because he lived it. Our stunning cover is an example of furious action scenes for which James became famous. Turn the pages for more of James's art and the story of his life.

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**22** **John Batterson Stetson**
**by John O'Rourke**
*His felt hat turned to gold*

**26** **Spanish Search for French Fort: A Path to Danger and Discovery**
**by Robert S. Weddle**
*La Salle's challenge jarred Spain into new exploration*

**36** **Will James – Inevitable Cowboy**
**by William Gardner Bell**
*With pen and brush he portrayed the West in fact and fancy*

**44** **Naco, Arizona's Accidental Place in History**
**by C. O. Peterson**
*Bizarre excitements in a small border town*

**50** **Bull Mountain Journal**
**by Thomas W. Pew, Jr.**
*Can a Western editor find happiness as midwife to 300 cows in the midst of a Montana calving season?*

**60** **Avalanche in the Cascades**
**by Oliver Chapple**
*A deadly trap on the Great Northern line*

**4** **View from the West**

**8** **Letters to the Editor**

**12** **Western Lookout**

**18** **Gourmet & Grub**

**20** **Hidden Inns & Lost Trails**

**68** **American West Review**

**72** **Western Books in Brief**

**80** **Western Snapshots**



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# View from the West

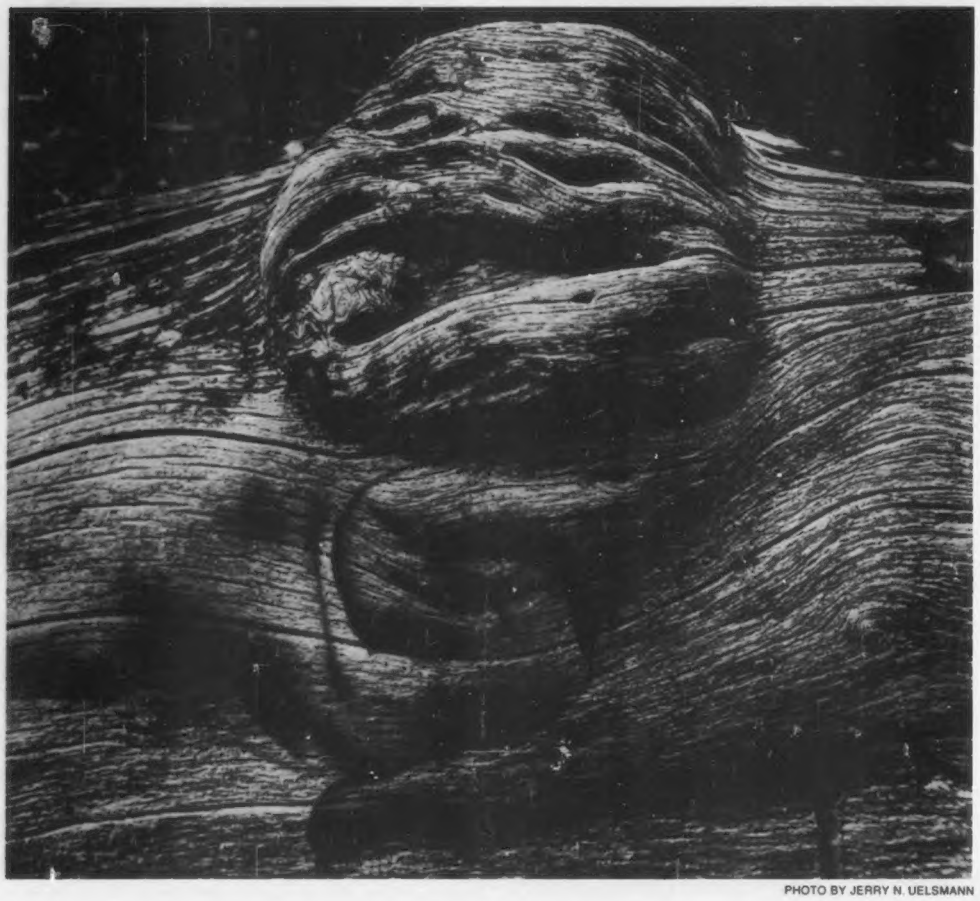

PHOTO BY JERRY N. UELSMANN

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.
—Thomas Hardy

On a practical level my good family can go along with Henry David Thoreau when he states, "hard and steady and engrossing labor with the hands, especially out of doors, is invaluable to the literary man and serves him directly," when the labor (my labor) occurs in our kitchen garden and puts a steady supply of fresh vegetables on the table. But a few summers ago, after attending an Eliot Coleman seminar in practical, small-scale farming, when I began dropping hints around the house about returning to the land (not that I'd ever been there in anything but longing and spirit in the first place), the family—at least the distaff side, and boys don't know any better—drew their pastoral line well this side of Walden Pond.

Not to be daunted by this setback in my rural instincts I chose the next best route open to a freelance writer and began wrangling as many agricultural assignments as I could dream up from the editors I worked for.

I plowed and disked on Briar Patch Farms in Ohio—sometimes to the dismay of the farmer friend who had to look out over my slightly zigzag rows and piles of old corn stalks (they dubbed them Pew's beaver dams) for the rest of the season.

Outside Boley, Oklahoma, on seventy acres of good bottom land I drove Bobbie and Molly, a willing and ready team of finely responsive draft horses, trained and coddled by Exodus Adams. Adams's team, as he put it, did just about everything there was to do on his little farm. They were full members of the family.

I followed the long path of the dispossessed farmers of the dust bowl along Route 66 to California, and at the end listened to Merle Haggard's mother tell the real-life story of Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*, of how (her now famous country-western singer son) Merle was raised in a boxcar converted into a house, outside of Bakersfield. "But we were never on welfare. We worked. We suffered. But we made it."

I listened to both sides of the fray between ranchers and strip miners on the Northern Plains, and saw the land from the cab of a giant drag-line that could scoop coal out of the earth with a bucket capable of picking up two Greyhound buses. I also saw the land from the back of a horse and the cab of a rancher's pickup truck and heard the rancher speak lovingly of the native grasses with the ringing names: green needle, needle and thread, sandberg and blue bunch grass—grasses so high in protein that cattle can be raised for market on them without ever seeing the inside of a feedlot.

I listened, too, when gnarled old Montana and Wyoming rancher Boyd Charter leaned across the stained table in his three-room cabin and hissed: "A curse on everyone in this country who doesn't know where his food is coming from. The first guy who takes a shovelful of dirt out of this ranch is going to die—that is, if I can still shoot straight enout." And I believed him.

I skimmed between miles of corn and bean fields in a flat-bottom Wabash River skiff in Indiana and heard the local fish and game man explain what would happen to the subirrigated farmland along the banks of the Wabash if the river were channelized, dammed, and set up with barge locks as the Army Corps of Engineers proposed. It hasn't happened yet.

And all the time I was going from rural writing project to rural writing project, and lending a hand at the chores along the way—a sort of itinerant Johnny Appleseed of the freelance writers—it seemed to me I was mostly having fun cajoling editors into allowing me to do stories that seemed to be popular but left more than one editor scratching his head. *Continued on page 6*

# The Texas Rangers lived to hunt outlaws. Zane Grey lived to tell their story.

*Texas Rangers at Shafter Mines, 1890, in Big Bend District of Texas. Left to right, standing: Bob Speaker and Jim Putman. Sitting: Lon Odom and Capt. John R. Hughes. (From the Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library.)*

Back in 1875, over 8,000 known outlaws were living in Texas.

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*(Continued from page 4)*

It seems now that the popularity of the subject among readers, and the longings I have felt for my own dimly perceived rural beginnings are perhaps widespread, even to the extent of being identified as a modern political movement. It's called "pastoralism" and according to Leo Marx, a professor of American cultural history at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the animating motive for the movement "is the desire, in the face of increasing power and complexity of organized society, to recover some part of a simpler, more 'natural' way of life."

The basic ideas of pastoralism, of course, go back to ancient Greece and are prevalent in early Christianity, but in America, Thomas Jefferson is the obvious first, and perhaps the most eloquent, spokesman for this ideal. Although Jefferson wasn't entirely against industrial activity, he did believe that the country would be a lot better off—though, perhaps, a bit less materially successful—if we kept the farms in America and "the workshops in Europe." With a flash of wit, Thoreau suggested that the industrial development of the fledgling country was "an improved means to an unimproved end."

Could it be that after two centuries of following the path laid out for us by Alexander Hamilton we're turning to Jefferson, that after two centuries of treating our land as a cheap throw-away commodity we've discovered all the while we've been throwing away a part of ourselves?

Could it be that after two hundred years of acting as though we were just visiting this continent or passing through (and many did just that), we've discovered that this is our home, our only home, and that it's the ultimate folly to be an alien in one's own home?

Could it be that out there in America, if we could count all of the people who have turned—even in small ways—toward voluntary simplicity, toward concern with environmental matters, toward a questioning of nuclear power (especially more and bigger bombs), toward growing a few things in the backyard for the table, toward hiking and looking at the land from a base of our own two feet, toward the sense of what Thoreau meant when he said, "Let your life be a counter-friction to stop the machine," that there could be a growing, sane consensus for living within our means?

Could we be reaching a collective understanding of what Wendell Berry means by the words: "When any species or group exceeds the principle of usufruct (literally: the use of the fruit) it puts itself into danger. Then, to use an economic metaphor, it is living off the principal rather than the interest. It has broken out of the system of nurture and has become exploitive; it is destroying what gave it life and what it depends upon to live. In all of these systems a fundamental principle must be the protection of the source: the seed, the food species, the soil, the breeding stock, the old and the wise, the keepers of memories, the records."

The reader who has borne with me this far doesn't have to be a pastoralist or a member of any other political persuasion—conservative or liberal—to recognize the clear-eyed American logic of Berry's statement. We've known it since Jefferson and Thoreau. Mark Twain knew it, and today there are writers expressing it as clearly in modern language as any who came before. But more than this, the people of this nation know it. My farmer friend in Ohio, looking at those zigzag rows that I left, knew it. Exodus Adams knew it. Merle Haggard's mother knew it, and judging from his songs, so does Merle. I'm not so sure about those strip miners on the Northern Plains, but Bob Tully and his wife and children (see my Bull Mountain Journal this issue) sure know it, and Boyd Charter knew it so desperately and hated the ignorance of those who denied it so thoroughly that he was ready to shoot. The fish and game man on the Wabash River knew it, as well as the farmers along the banks of the river. I'm not so sure about the Army Corps of Engineers and the companies who were trying to have the river channelized. I know it, and you know it, and we don't have to go to Walden Pond to change our ways, although I'd still like to give it a try. ✡

Thomas Pen

# American West

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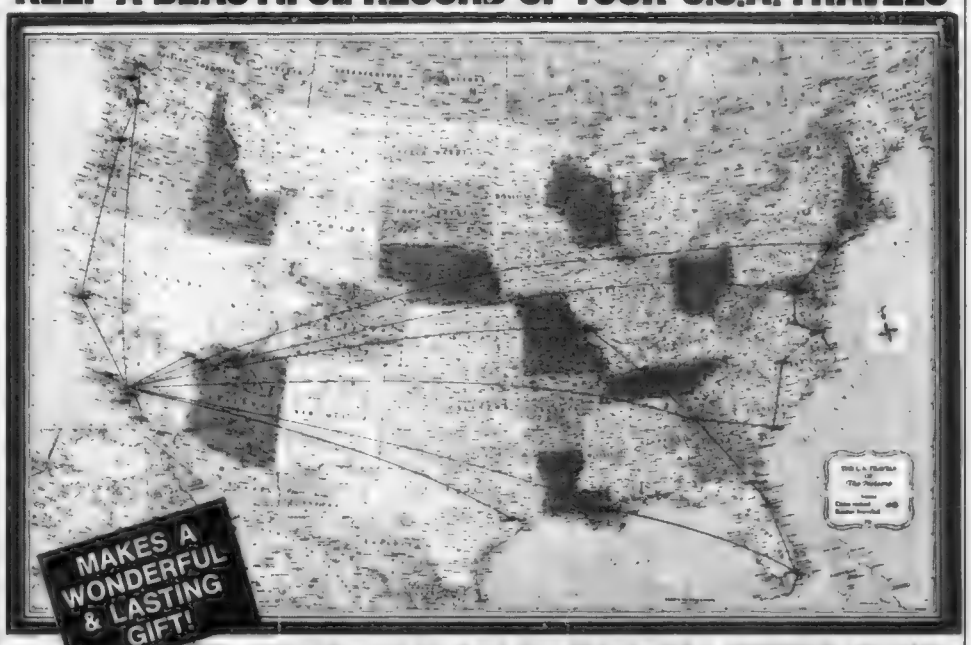


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# Letters to the Editor

**The cowboys' reply**

I'm just starting to read your November/December 1982 AMERICAN WEST. I really like your editorial, but then I started to read your Letters to the Editor. I got so mad when I read Edward Abbey's letter that I just had to write to the Editor although I've never done this before. Abbey might be an author, but his letter *stinks*. I would be ashamed to claim such a letter. He should be doing something constructive if he doesn't like the way things are, instead of tearing other people down, taking God's name in vain, and tearing down another editor and his fine *Arizona Highways*.

My husband is one of those cowboys Abbey speaks about so critical. Who does he think he is? We make our living taking care of cows, horses, and *the land*. If we over-grazed our land, we wouldn't be in the ranching business very long. As for killing the wild animals and birds, my husband got enough of killing in World War II.

As far as Abbey wanting a revolution —let him go over to those countries that really like that kind of stuff. I recommend that.

Sue Johnson
Alzada, Mont.

**Christmas Eve, 1914**

My Grandfather and Grandmother worked their fingers to the bone struggling for survival on the Dakota prairie. Their homestead was in present North Dakota, about twenty-two miles north of the border with South Dakota.

Our home and out-buildings were built of sod from the prairie. This feat was accomplished in the last part of the nineteenth century by my grandparents through a great deal of courage and strength. The sod house was comfortable—warm in the winter and cool in the summer. All the necessities, such as food, fuel, and feed for the stock, had to be accumulated before the winter snows set in. My Grandfather and I used to scour the vast prairie for buffalo chips that we hauled in by the wagon load to use for fuel in the cook stove and heater.

I have enjoyable memories of that time. Oh, yes, those wonderful boyhood days one holds in his memory forever, such as our Christmas Eve in 1914 when I was seven years old. My Grandfather, Grandmother, and I were invited to attend the festivities at the Sioux Indian Standing Rock Reservation, a short distance from the homestead where we lived.

The moon cast a soft glow over the snow-crusted prairie as I climbed into the wagon-box bob sled, lay down on a soft bed of straw, and pulled the buffalo robe over me, with just my head exposed to the elements. Hot rocks at my feet and the excitement at what was about to take place caused a warmth that the cold, frosty air could not penetrate. My Grandparents, Fred and Mary Anderson, sat upon the wagon seat with a heavy robe over their laps and a lighted kerosene lantern at their feet for added warmth. The runners on the wagon-box bob sled seemed to hum a song as we skimmed over the frozen prairie, pulled by a jet-black team of buggy horses who were frisky as all get-out in the frosty, evening air. After crossing the Cannon Ball River on the ice, we soon arrived at our destination.

The meeting hall was a fairly large room with Indians everywhere, some squatting on the floor, Indian fashion, and others sitting on benches. I found a seat between two jolly squaws who delighted in nudging me with their offering of jerky, which each extracted from a pouch hanging from her waist. A good-sized Christmas tree stood by the open door, gaily trimmed with tinsel and Indian artifacts. A young Indian, dressed like an ancient court jester, jumped in through the open doorway,


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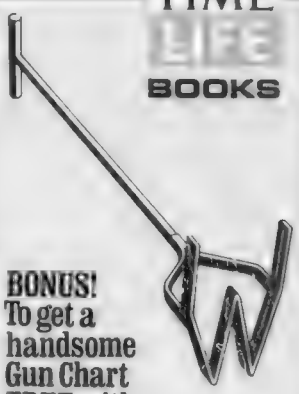

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# THE JAMES GANG

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Western Hist. Dept. Denver Public Lib.

Frank *(left)* and Jesse James invented the daylight bank robbery in America and tested the idea for the first time in Liberty, Missouri, on Valentine's Day, 1866.

Missouri Hist. Soc.

Cole *(left)* and Jim Younger. Serving with Frank James in a Confederate guerilla unit, Cole was said to have tried out a new Enfield rifle on Yankee prisoners.

By the 1870s, Jesse James *(far left)* was secure—and vain—enough to pose for a photographer summoned to the gang's cave hideout in Missouri. For 15 years the James gang held sway, imitated, but never equaled, for notoriety and hell-bent originality.

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danced around the tree several times and disappeared.

Baskets of fresh fruits, such as oranges and apples, were passed around, along with hard candy that resembled rosin but was sweet and palatable. Indian songs were sung to the beat of a tom-tom drum. Speeches seemed to be the main issue of the evening and were given by both whites and Indians. At the close of the ceremony, gifts were distributed to the visitors, such as beaded belts, deer-skin pouches, moccasins, and Indian dolls.

As we were leaving, the tipis in the Sioux camp reflected light from the open campfires. Chunks of deer and yellow dog simmered over the fires. At that time yellow-dog meat was a delicacy for the Sioux. The chief invited us to a yellow-dog feast on the following day, but we declined the invitation. My Grandmother had missed her pet yellow dog a few days previously, and she was quite certain that one of the roasts was the backside of her pet. Furthermore, we could not stomach the thought of roasted dog meat.

The runners of the wagon-box bob sled were soon playing a homeward tune, and the clear, sweet strains of ''Nearer My God to Thee,'' sung by the Sioux Indians in their own dialect, faded away into the silence of the winter night. Eventually, in the distance, we could make out the outlines of my Grandparents' sod house standing like a sentinel welcoming us back home to a different way of life.

Duncan M. Christiansen
Gladstone, Oregon

**Point Arena**

Our first AMERICAN WEST arrived in yesterday's mail. On the editorial page *Point Arena, California,* caught my attention, as well as your name, Pew. After some pondering, I remembered a Mrs. Pew who often rode into the Garcia River Country, east of Point Arena, where we had a ranch. She was a very classy lady who wore riding clothes, and her buckskin horse wore an English saddle. Could this Mrs. Pew have been your mother?

*(Continued on page 78)*


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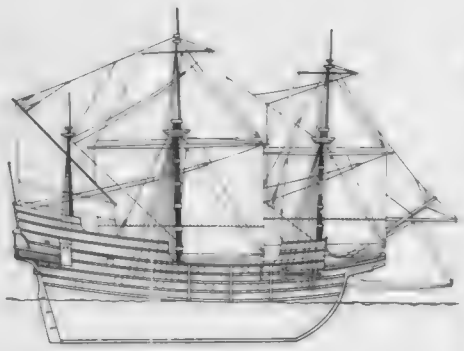

**Conjectural drawing of San Agustin,** Courtesy National Park Service and Raymond Aker

**Dan Lenihan (left) on survey vessel,** Courtesy National Park Service

## Sunken ships draw divers to Drake's Bay

The wreckage of as many as sixty ships—ranging from twentieth-century coastal steamers to a sixteenth-century Spanish galleon—may lie beneath the choppy waters of Drake's Bay, according to Dr. Roger Kelly, an archeologist with the Western regional office of the National Park Service. Data suggesting the rich concentration of wrecks was gathered last fall when the National Park Service led an extensive underwater survey of this bay on the rugged California coast about thirty-five miles north of San Francisco. Divers with the project discovered the remains of four ships, including the *Munleon* (1931) and the *Hartwood* (1929), which sank after a navigational error sent them steaming onto the rocks. Optimistic about the possibility of future dives to specific areas in the bay, Kelly said, "We believe there are many other places where there will be observable wreckage. Now we know where to go on the bottom. We know the thickness of the sediments."

Scientists suspect that a thick layer of sand now covers what remains of the *San Agustin,* a Spanish galleon loaded with silks and Oriental porcelain that sank in the bay in 1595. The wreck occurred while the ship's captain and some members of the crew were exploring settlements of Miwok Indians on the coast. Excavations of these sites have yielded earthenware fragments and spikes believed to belong to rigging on the Spanish galleon. Whether or not the *San Agustin* can be located on future dives, marine archeologist Dan Lenihan believes that there are many impelling reasons to return to the bottom of Drake's Bay. Chief of the NPS Submerged Cultural Resources Unit and a diver on the last expedition, Lenihan pointed to the intriguing natural habitats created by sunken ships. "The wrecks down there are virtually alive with all kinds of creatures," he said.

**Alabama to the Rockies.** According to a recent study made by the Joint Center for Urban Studies of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard University, the band of states from Alabama to the Rocky Mountains will experience the fastest population increase in the nation over the next twenty years. The future in the mountain states of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Nevada "can be characterized by one word—growth," researchers claim, based on computer analysis of data from the 1980 census. These states, it is predicted, will grow by one-third each decade over the next twenty years; growth by about one-fourth each decade is expected in Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas. The effect of the "echo boom"—children produced by adults born in the baby boom of the 1940s and 1950s—will be particularly evident in the south-central, Mountain, and Pacific states, where many young adults have settled.

**Wanderings of an Artist.** Keenly interested in Indians ever since his boyhood, artist Paul Kane set out on a painting expedition from Toronto in 1845 "to perpetuate on canvas some remembrances of a remarkable race." A journey in the Great Lakes region was followed by a prolonged trip along Hudson's Bay Company trade routes, to the Pacific coast. Kane's book *Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America* (1859), in addition to numerous fine sketches and paintings, are the product of these adventures, which can be experienced by modern Westerners through an exhibit at the Stark Museum of Art in Orange, Texas. On view through August 28, 1983, the show presents the museum's entire collection of Kane paintings for the first time and also displays the first edition of his book, handwritten journals, and other records from his exciting travels.

**Children of Montana.** A new traveling exhibit organized by the Montana Historical Society provides an intriguing glimpse of what life was like for Montana's children between 1864 and 1930. Fifty historical photographs are on display, ranging from an image of a homesteader's baby nestled in a buggy made from a coffee crate to a picture of Cheyenne children on a travois outside their tipi. Complementing the photographs are printed quotations from diaries and other records that express children's feelings about their experiences in the context of the

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Photo by Christian Barthelmess, c. 1885 L. A. Huffman Collection, Montana Historical Society

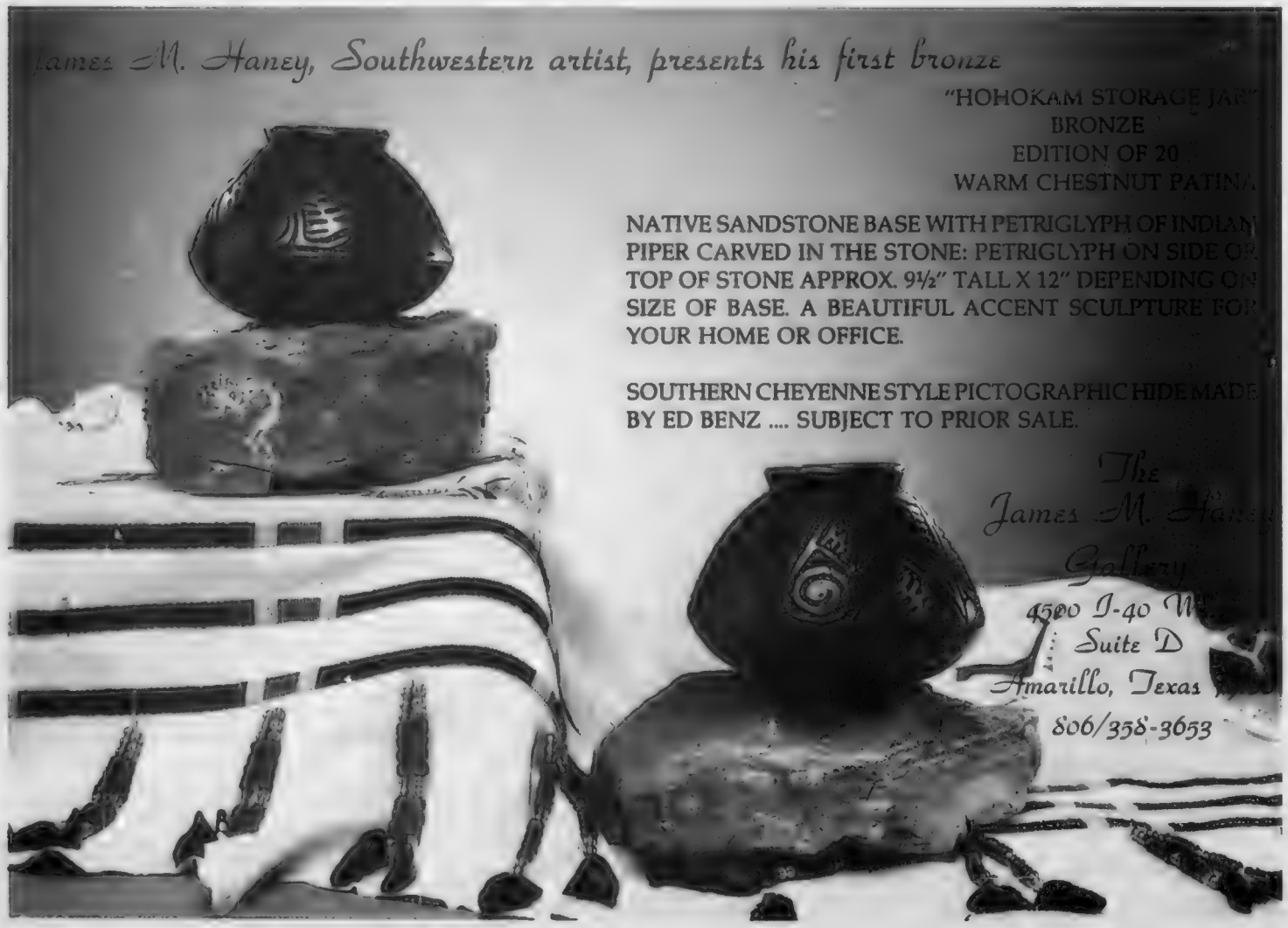
exhibit's seven sections: Coming to Montana, Families and Faces, Sickness and Death, Religion, School, Play, and Work. "Children of Montana" will be showing at the First Bank in Havre through January and at the First Bank in Bozeman through February, before going on to other points in the state.

**Crazy Horse Memorial.** "You must keep building... Crazy Horse must be finished. You must work on the mountain—but slowly, so you do it right." These wishes, spoken by sculptor Korczak Ziolkowski before his death last October, are being carried out as the artist's family continues blasting granite on Thunderhead Mountain in the Black Hills to create a giant likeness of the great, Sioux leader Crazy Horse. The first few tons of pink-tinted rock were removed in 1948 when the memorial—planned as the world's largest sculpture—was dedicated in the presence of several survivors from the Battle of Little Big Horn. Since then, more than seven million tons of granite have been blasted from the mountain north of Custer, South Dakota, with work currently focused on the head of the Indian chief's horse. No completion date has been set for the ambitious sculpture, financed by private donations. As the sculptor's wife, Ruth, points out, "He always said it would be a lifetime project."

**At the Corcoran.** The Thirty-eighth Biennial Exhibition of American Painting at the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., opens February 4 with one hundred works by contemporary artists in the West. Clair List, the Corcoran's associate curator of contemporary art, describes the exhibit as conveying "a distinctly regional spirit—the mystique of the Old West coupled with imagery from the New West" and "a sense of unashamed freedom to raid art history, folk art, and both popular and frontier culture in order to forge personal styles." Thirty artists are represented in the show, produced in cooperation with the Western States Arts Foundation of Santa Fe and scheduled to appear in museums across the country.

**Whale Watching.** The gymnastic maneuvers of migrating gray whales can be enjoyed

*(Continued on page 59)*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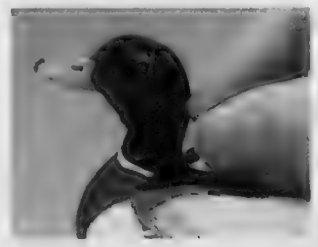

green, burgundy and bronze. Indeed, this individual hand painting of each miniature is the only way to achieve the *authenticity* that distinguishes the most desirable decoys. The result of all this

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Decoys, at left, shown reduced. Average length is 3 inches.
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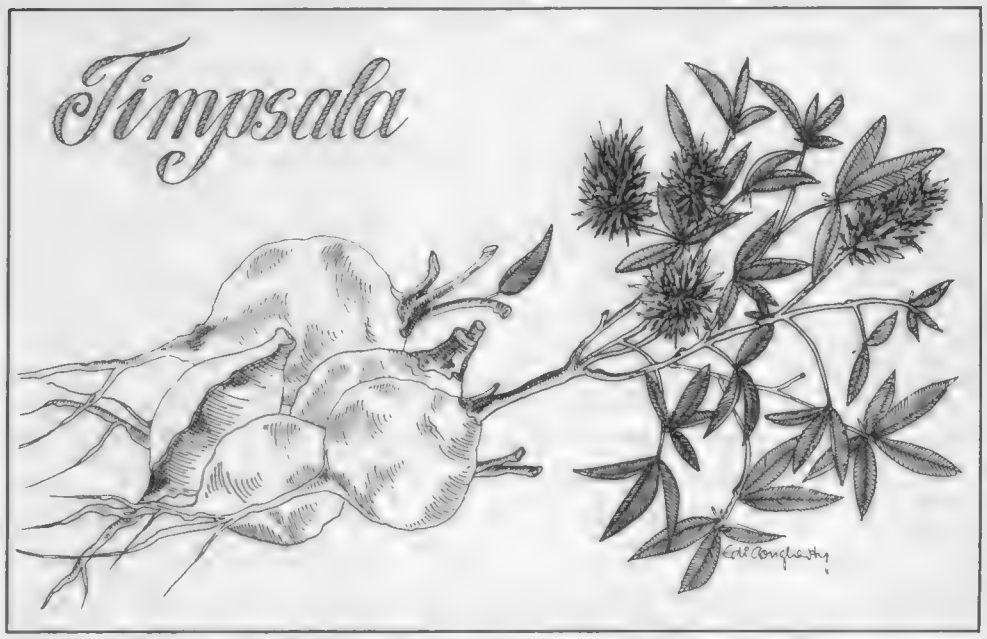


# Food of the French explorers and mountain men

## by H. Jane Nauman

Nature was the larder of early French explorers and mountain men in the American West. From the Indians and their own experience, these adventurers quickly learned which wild foods were edible. Although available game was the mainstay of their diet, they also enjoyed a wide variety of roots, plants, and berries.

On the Great Plains, the basic root was the wild prairie turnip, called *timpsala* by the Sioux, and variously called *pomme blanche, navet de prairie,* or *pomme de prairie* by the French voyageurs. Indians used a digging stick, hardened in fire, to coax the deep-seated root from the prairies, garnering a year's supply in early summer. Peeled and braided by its long tails, then dried, *timpsala* would keep indefinitely. French explorers dug their own or, more often, traded for the dried braids. They found this food so delectable that as early as 1800, seeds of the turnip were sent back to France and attempts were made (unsuccessfully) to cultivate it.

A principal source of carbohydrates for all travelers across the Great Plains (*timpsala* contains seventy percent starch), the root was eaten raw, roasted fresh, dried and used in soups, or diced and ground into a coarse flour to thicken stews or puddings. A favorite use was in *Was tun ka le,* the Sioux word for dried corn soup.

### Was tun ka le

Soak 12 dried *timpsala* overnight in cold water and set aside. In a large soup pot, simmer a buffalo or beef tongue until tender. Saving the broth, remove meat from pot, cool, and skin. Chunk meat and return to broth. Add the *timpsala* plus 1 c. dried corn kernels, ½ c. wild onions, and 2 c. Jerusalem artichokes. Salt to taste and simmer gently for 2 hours.

In the Rocky Mountain West, the staple root was the bulb of the blue-flowering camas. Explorers Lewis and Clark, like the Indians, discovered that eating too many camas bulbs caused dysentery, and learned to use them prudently.

Pit-roasted in ashes for up to twenty-four hours, the small onionlike bulbs were rich and sweet after the black outer peeling was stripped off. Boiled in water, camas bulbs made a syrup resembling molasses, and ground as meal they were used in breads and cakes. Camas pie was an invention of the early trappers and explorers.

Camas bulbs should be harvested when the plant is in bloom, and care must be taken to avoid the death camas, a plant with small, yellowish flowers, growing in the same area as the desired "queen of bulbs." The flowers of the death camas have rounded petals, and the bulbs and plant contain alkaloids that can be fatal to humans and livestock. The plant of edible camas is marked by distinctive blue flowers that have sharply pointed petals.

Tales of *boudin blanc* crop up in practically all of the early explorers' and trappers' accounts of food. Originating with the Indians and still prepared by them today, this special sausage has always been described with unreserved praise. Blackfoot Indians considered *boudin blanc* a Crow dish, but prepared and ate it with relish. The Sioux also enjoyed the sausage and passed the recipe down to each generation. Although we don't know for certain which tribe first made *boudin blanc,* the name—meaning white pudding—comes to us from the French voyageurs. One mountain man claimed that a French chef could open a restaurant on the basis of this entrée alone.

### Boudin Blanc

Cut a section of the large intestine from a freshly butchered buffalo (or beef cow). The intestine should be well covered with soft, snowy white fat. Clean and rinse the fatty section of the intestine in water; then turn the casing inside out (so that the fat will be inside during the cooking process) and wash once more. Tightly stuff the casing with finely chopped tenderloin that has been well seasoned with salt and pepper. (Hump meat from the buffalo can also be used.) Tie both ends of the sausage securely with cord, and roast over hot charcoal, turning frequently to prevent burning. After 20 minutes on the coals, drop the sausage into a pot of boiling water for 10 minutes. Serve piping hot.

In the journal of Captain Meriwether Lewis (reprinted in *The Hunting of the Buffalo* by E. Douglas Branch, 1929, D. Appleton and Company) *boudin blanc* is praised as "one of the greatest delicacies of the forest." Preparation of the dish ends with a flourish. Describing the final steps in making *boudin blanc,* the explorer writes, "it is then baptised in the missouri with two dips and a flirt, and bobbed into the kettle; from whence, after it be well boyled it is taken and fryed with bears oil until it becomes brown."

*An award-winning filmmaker on the Plains Indians,* **H. Jane Nauman** *is presently writing a cookbook about Native American and wild foods.*

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# Glen-Isle on the Platte

## by Francis L. Fugate

During the late 1890s, summer resorts and vacation hotels blossomed along the route of the Colorado and Southern Railway, which wound through towering forests and deep canyons toward the gold and silver mines of Leadville. By 1908 there were thirty-five stops between Denver and Grant, Colorado—a sixty-six mile jaunt that took four hours. Travelers on the Saturday passenger run (fondly dubbed the Cinders and Sand Fish Train) often stepped down at Glen-Isle, a scenic spot on the North Fork of the South Platte River where the frothy waters divided to form an island.

Before the first white man set foot in Colorado, Glen-Isle had a long history as a way station. Bent trees, their tops secured in the ground, marked the area as an Indian campground. Abandoned arrowheads, scrapers, and metates for grinding kinnikinnick berries to make pemmican told of use by itinerant Plains Indians.

The history of the hotel at Glen-Isle goes back to 1899, when ten men put up five-thousand dollars each to form the Glen-Isle Land Company. A hotel and several guest cabins were built on the 160-acre, island plot, and a rustic bridge was constructed from the hotel to the tiny railroad depot across the river. The first guest registered in 1901. Originally platted as a township, Glen-Isle never developed beyond a hotel and an eighteen-hole golf course.

Business began dwindling in the early 1920s. Glen-Isle had been closed for a year when, in 1923, Arthur and Sarah Baldwin of Ann Arbor, Michigan, visited the place. It was love at first sight. They purchased the hotel and reopened business in 1924.

Arthur Baldwin preferred trees to golf. He planted the golf course and grounds with trees that today all but hide the lodge and cabins from passing motorists. The Baldwin's granddaughter Barbara Tripp and her husband, Gordon, now own Glen-Isle on the Platte, a lodge that has changed little since 1924.

Times have not been easy. The old Cinders and Sand Fish Train made its last run over the narrow-gauge tracks in 1937. Two years later the Colorado highway department took over the right-of-way and preempted twenty acres of the island to build U.S. Highway 285. That was just the beginning.

"It's been a fight to keep the land," says Gordon Tripp. "First the highway. Then the power companies wanted land for their lines. Next, the Denver Water Board took title to another fourteen acres to widen the river."

Despite such obstacles, the Glen-Isle prevailed. While other resorts closed down along the old railroad route, Glen-Isle continued in turn-of-the-century style, with massive Victorian bedsteads, marble-topped washstands, and dressers with deeply beveled mirrors. After World War II, sleek modern resorts and motels sprang up. Competition got tough, and there was talk of giving up Glen-Isle, but the Tripps would not sell. "Glen-Isle is Barbara's magnificent obsession," Gordon Tripp explains.

Today the Tripps still welcome guests at their island hotel, a tempting retreat on Highway 285, about fifty miles southwest of Denver at an altitude of 7,800 feet. The twelve cabins have been modernized, but the lodge—the gemstone of the complex—would easily be recognized by that first guest from 1901. It remains—a living museum.

On the first floor, a rustic lobby encircles a great tree trunk. The adjoining lounge, dining room, and kitchen are surrounded by wide porches outlined with flowers and busy hummingbird feeders. A sweeping stairway curves up to the second floor of fifteen rooms decorated in turn-of-the-century furnishings. Bathroom facilities are "down the hall," but that turns into a plus, for the hall is filled with antiques and exhibits.

The Tripps are inveterate collectors: Indian artifacts, Western Americana, bottles, insulators, rock specimens, and dolls. Barbara Tripp estimates her doll collection at more than 1,500, including one of the best arrays of Indian dolls in the nation. The hotel dining room is lined with Indian pottery and baskets, as well as Gordon Tripp's collection of Indian cradle boards.

Summer activities at Glen-Isle include hiking, fishing, and horseback riding. The nearby ghost towns of Buckskin Joe, Horseshoe, Leavick, and Hall Valley make interesting side trips, and guests go on weekly picnics to Top O' the World, Buffalo Creek, Boreas Pass, Hoosier Pass, Handcart Creek, Guanella Pass, and Wellington Lake. Tuesday is chuck-wagon dinner day, topped off by square dancing. Hunting, ice skating, sledding, and skiing provide entertainment in the wintertime.

The lodge is open from Memorial Day through Labor Day on the American plan, featuring home-cooked food at rates that make one feel like staying another day or so. Housekeeping cabins are open year-round. For information about staying at Glen-Isle on the Platte, write to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon A. Tripp, Box 128, Glen-Isle Resort, Bailey, Colorado 80421; the phone is (303) 838-5461.

**Francis L. Fugate** *discovered Glen-Isle on the Platte in 1971. "I make an annual pilgrimage to unwind. Most of all, I enjoy listening to the river and watching the hummingbirds."*

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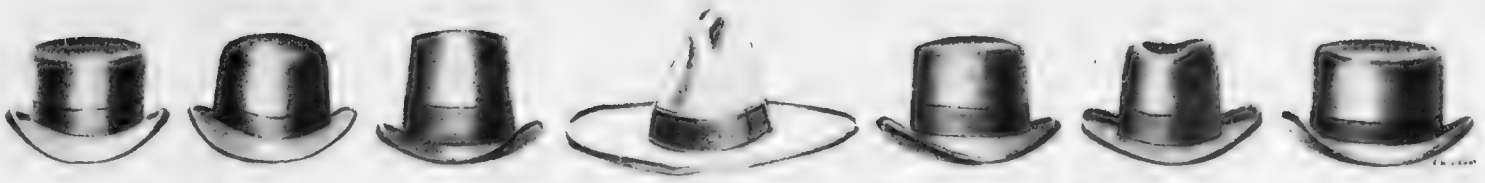
# John Batterson Stetson: His felt hat turned to gold

by John O'Rourke



HE MINED THE GOLD OF COLORADO'S Pikes Peak, but John Batterson Stetson found his real treasure in a hat he made himself. And that hat—fashioned with a hatchet from a fresh pelt—was the grandest and most widely worn in the history of the West.

Stetson was born in 1830, the youngest son of an Orange, New Jersey, hatter. When the youth contracted tuberculosis, a common scourge of early-day hatters, doctors gave him only a few more months to live. Stetson decided to spend them outdoors. The twenty-one-year-old headed West, recovering his health by the time he reached Saint Louis. He was strong enough to work in a brickyard, clever enough to take over the business within two years—and unlucky enough to have the Missouri River wipe out his inventory in a devastating flood. "Let 'er go!" roared Stetson, watching the ruin from a hilltop. "I'm not the first man to make a fortune and lose it."

"Pikes Peak or bust!" restless acquaintances were shouting. Stetson joined them, and he found he could use his hatter's skills to smooth life on the trail. The travelers' tents of crudely joined animal skins let in the elements and stank to high heaven. Claiming that he could fashion waterproof cloth out of animal skins, Stetson shaved off the fur of some beaver and rabbit skins with his well-sharpened hatchet. Then, using a "hunter's bow" made from a hickory sapling and a skin thong, he agitated the fur, making a cloud of the finest particles rise in the air. As the beaten fur drifted to the ground, Stetson sprayed it with water from his mouth. Eventually, the fur formed a thin sheet. By dipping this mat into boiling water to shrink it, by manipulating it and dipping it again, he magically produced a small blanket—soft, perfect, waterproof—a cloth not woven, but made through the ancient process of felting.

Stetson seems to have made his first crude hat as sort of a joke. His fellow prospectors poked fun at the wide-brimmed felt hat he fashioned, but they noted that it did ward off rain, snow, and the scorching sun of the Plains. One day a passing Mexican bushwhacker pulled his galloping pony up short and offered Stetson a five-dollar gold piece for his hat. He happily made the sale.

After a year wresting a few dollars out of stubborn diggings in the Colorado gold country, Stetson turned toward Philadelphia. He was thirty-five. He had one hundred dollars. It was enough to rent a small room and to buy the few tools he needed. There was a ten-dollar bill left. Stetson spent it on fur, then proceeded to repair, trim, and make the kinds of hats he saw around him, fashions of the day. He sold his work himself—one, two, or three hats at a time, peddling them to the town's dealers, who were convinced American buyers preferred a "foreign look."

John Stetson resolved to give those finicky buyers a choice. He fashioned a freshly styled lightweight felt hat of fine fur, then modeled it himself as he swaggered into a store. A customer bought the hat off Stetson's head, and the astonished dealer promptly ordered a dozen more just like it.

But Stetson grew tired of haggling with conservative Philadelphia merchants who did not dare ask more than two dollars for his hats. He dug up a list of merchants throughout the Southwest. To each of them, he sent a sample hat and a letter asking for a minimum order of a dozen of a brand-new creation he called "Boss of the Plains."

The "Boss of the Plains" was big, natural-colored, with a four-inch brim, and a four-inch crown flaunting a leather strap for a hatband. Made of standard material, the hat was priced at five dollars. Finer material cost ten dollars. You could have a princely, pure beaver or nutria BOP for thirty dollars.

It was a big gamble. On this one toss of the dice, he was risking all his money, the limit of his credit, and his whole business. And he was risking it on the basis of a new style, "a sombrero," one writer described it, "with a college education." For two anxious weeks, nothing happened. At last, there was a trickle of orders. Then a flood. Eventually, Stetson forged a network of 10,000 dealers and 150 wholesalers, many of them overseas.

Stetson never forgot the importance of people. Early on, he saw the advantages of locating in the suburbs and building modern plants—fireproofed, with plenty of light and air. He included meeting rooms for the public, a huge auditorium for free concerts, and a library. His goal, wrote one author, was "to transform the shiftless, indifferent, impulsive, drinking tramp hatter into a reliable and honest individual."

During his last years, Stetson donned a new head covering: a collegiate mortarboard. DeLand Academy, near his country retirement home in Florida, needed help. Stetson provided a million-dollar endowment, then served as president of the Board of Trustees of the newly named Stetson University.

Through the years, various regional variations of Stetson's hat have appeared. Under the influence of extravagant Texans, his raw-edged "Boss of the Plains" expanded to a crown height of six and a half inches with a five-inch brim. In Montana, a less flamboyant "pinch" version came on the scene, and the Dakota was donned by cowboys of the Northern Plains. John Wayne called the stetson, in whatever shape it took, "the hat that won the West."

*Here we see Stetson the savvy businessman, who left bricklaying and prospecting to steer a successful hat company.*

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*Assistant professor of marketing at the College of Notre Dame, Belmont, California,* **John O'Rourke** *writes regularly for business and financial publications.*

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# Spanish search for French fort: a path to danger and discovery

## La Salle's challenge jarred Spain into new exploration

by Robert S. Weddle

IN THE LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY new risks were taken and great adventures dared by European explorers carrying forth the longstanding contest for New World territory and treasure. As this drama of conquest reached a climax, an important act was played out between France and Spain in wilderness regions bordering the Gulf of Mexico. The rival explorers risked becoming lost or shipwrecked in the unbroken sameness of the Gulf's shore or among its uncharted channels and shoals, surprise attack by hostile Indians, and slow defeat by disease or starvation.

In 1685 the word failure might well have been enscribed on the face of Spanish maps from New Mexico almost to the Florida peninsula. The wilderness had swallowed up the legion of Pánfilo de Narvaez, halved Hernando de Soto's, and defeated countless others. Spanish exploration of the Gulf of Mexico's northern shores had lapsed for more than a hundred years as Spain suffered continual challenges from European rivals. But the time for renewal was near. Events would soon trigger a rebirth of Spanish exploration in North America that proved to be the most extensive reconnaissance since the Mexican conquest.

In September of 1685, Spanish officials at Veracruz acquired information that jarred them into action: the French challenge had extended into the Gulf of Mexico—La Salle had planted a colony in Spanish territory at the mouth of a river called Micipipi. This alarming news came from a band of pirates fresh from the sack of Campeche.

Testimony from the captured pirates, deserters from La Salle's crew, presented the Spaniards with a wall of uncertainty. The name Micipipi meant nothing even to veteran pilots of the Windward Fleet, charged with security of the Gulf and the Caribbean. The Spaniards guessed that it referred to the river shown on various maps as Espíritu Santo. Plagued by uncertainty, the viceroy of New Spain ordered immediate reconnaissance of the Gulf shore from the Apalache Cape to Tampico.

Before it was over, the quest for La Salle's colony would encompass broader limits. Five sea voyages from Veracruz and Havana would examine all or part of the designated coastline, and six expeditions would march by land from such diverse provinces as Florida, Chihuahua, Nuevo León, and Coahuila. While the Spanish search went on, the miserable colony of René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, sank toward its own cruel destiny. Misplaced by navigational error, the "desolate men and homesick women" struggled for survival not on the Mississippi River but at Texas's Matagorda Bay. Sailing the Gulf, La Salle had missed the great river; almost two years previously, he had reached its mouth at the end of his voyage downriver to claim the land as Louisiana for his king.

Having been fully interrogated, the Campeche pirates were hanged. The viceroy chose two of the foremost pilots of the Windward Fleet to command the first reconnaissance voyage: Juan Enríquez Barroto as captain, assisted by Antonio Romero. While in Havana chartering a ship for the journey, Captain Enríquez Barroto heard the bizarre tale of three seamen just arrived from Saint Augustine. As crewmen of a Spanish "trading galley" bent on plunder, they had gone searching for a rumored enemy settlement at the mouth of the Río del Espíritu Santo—doubtless La Salle's colony. While they were serving on a foraging detail, the men were left stranded near Pensacola Bay. The galley, commanded by Juan Corso, was still missing; it, too, must be an object of Enríquez Barroto's search. Much later, he was to learn its fate through other fortuitous events.

On January 3, 1686, the task of finding La Salle's settlement began in earnest as Enríquez's ship sailed for San Marcos de Apalache on the Florida coast. Voyaging westward from San Marcos, the searchers rediscovered Pensacola Bay, explored Mobile Bay, and groped among the shoals rimming Mississippi and Chandeleur sounds. Reaching the Mississippi River's North Pass, they found it ringed with mud lumps and choked with drift logs, scarcely resembling the "Micipipi" described by the Campeche pirates or the Espíritu Santo portrayed on maps. Here the reconnaissance ended as a squall drove the ship toward Veracruz.

Enríquez Barroto, whose retiring nature robbed him of due credit, was one of two outstanding explorers whose merit might have passed unnoticed but for the La Salle episode. The other was Alonso de León, a veteran soldier on the northern frontier. While a new sea voyage was being pondered in Mexico, León marched from Cadereyta, Nuevo

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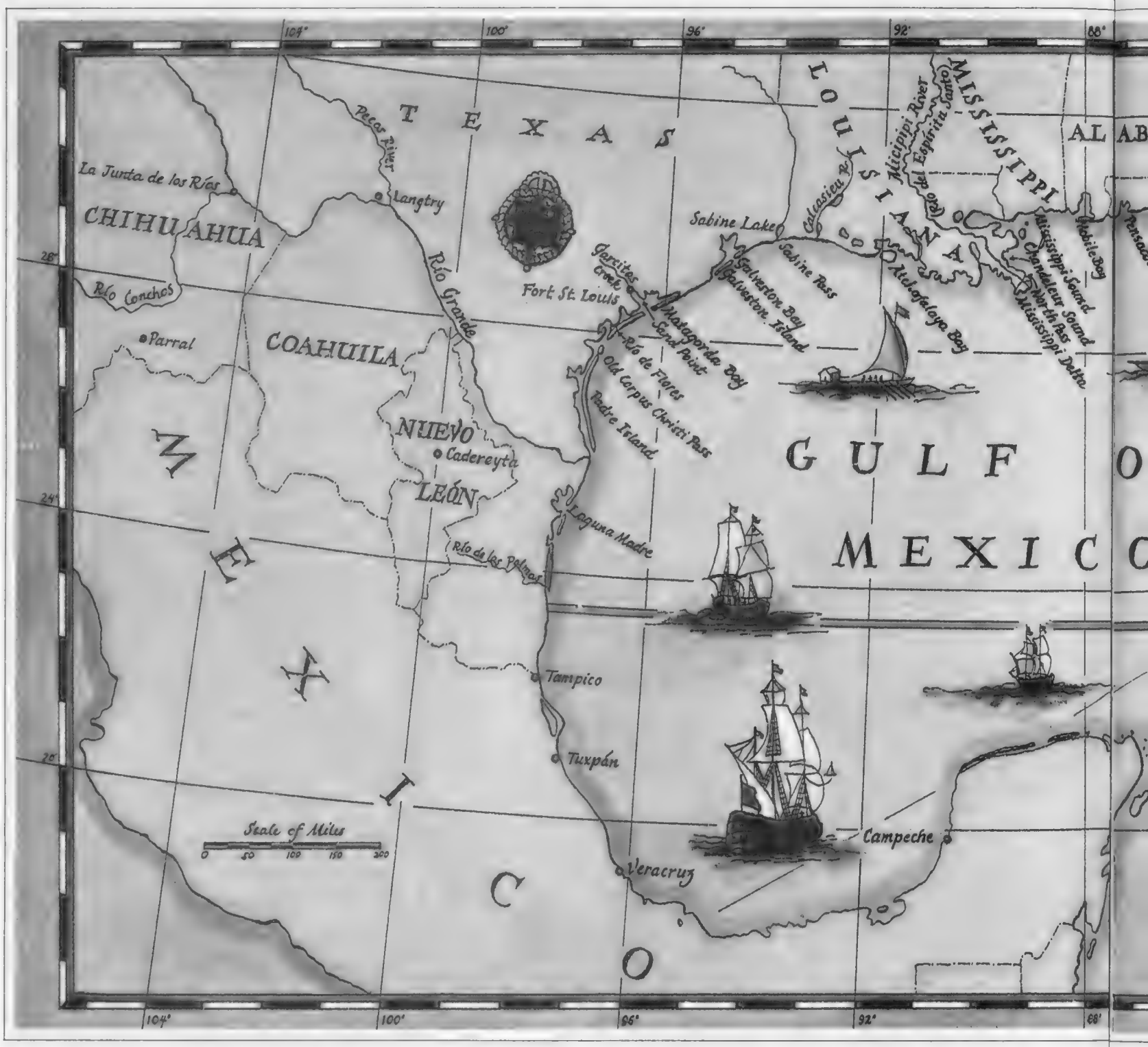
*This illustration from Hennepin's* New Discovery *(1698) shows the French landing at Matagorda Bay about 1685. Hopelessly lost in his search for the Mississippi, La Salle brought several hundred unlucky colonists to the Texas wilds.*

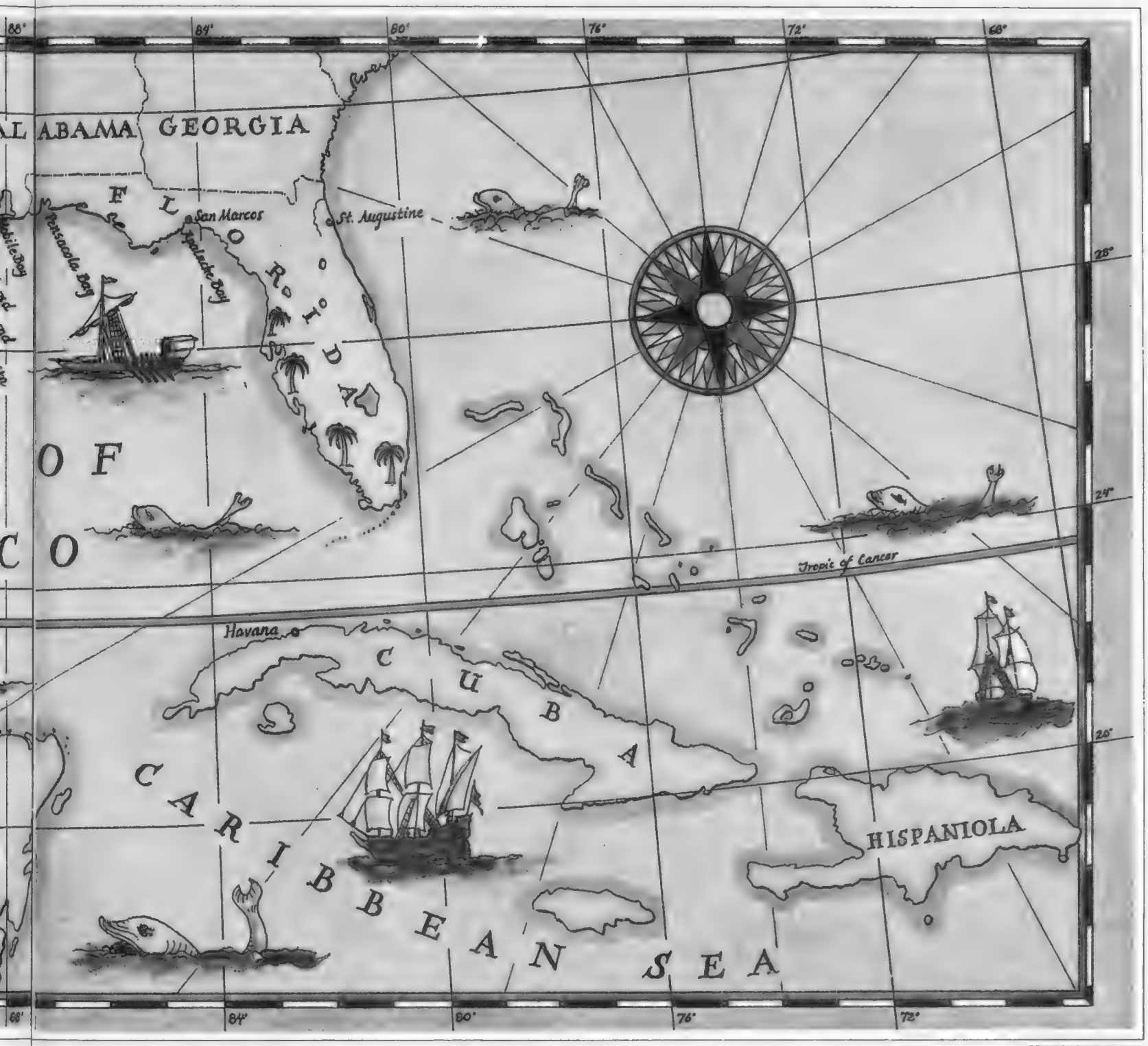
COURTESY JAMES FORD BELL LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA




León, to search the mouth of the Río Grande. Proceeding among wily natives who never before had seen a Spaniard, León gleaned indications of a foreign settlement farther north, nothing more. A second expedition, north of the Río Grande, was no more fruitful.

THE COUNT OF MONCLOVA, MEANWHILE, ARRIVED in Mexico to take charge as viceroy. Armed with explicit orders from the Crown and his own firm resolution, he acted on Enríquez Barroto's and Romero's advice that two piraguas of the type ordinarily used by pirates be built for the next reconnaissance voyage. These shallow-draft vessels, carrying both oars and sail, could cross shallow bars, take refuge in meager coves, and even be hauled up on the beach. Within three months of Monclova's arrival, they were built, provisioned, and launched on a voyage to circumnavigate the Gulf of Mexico.

The piraguas *Nuestra Señora del Rosario* and *Nuestra Señora de la Esperanza* were captained by Martín de Rivas and Pedro de Iriarte, with Enríquez Barroto and Romero as chief pilots. Enríquez kept a detailed diary, whose contents are here brought to light for the first time. Besides 130 Spanish sailors, the ships carried two Apalachino Indian guides who had joined Enríquez the previous winter at San Marcos. There was also an Englishman called Juan Poule (John Poole?), a pilot and erstwhile pirate captured in the act




DRAWN BY ELIZABETH WOLF

**Area of exploration during the Spanish search for La Salle's colony between 1686 and 1689**

of raiding Tampico in 1684.

The quest for La Salle's settlement continued as *Rosario* and *Esperanza* sailed from Veracruz, in the mild weather following a norther, at six o'clock on the evening of Christmas Day, 1686. This journey would follow the coast in an eastward arc. At the Río de Tuxpán a week later, the weather turned foul. The small ships advanced into a stormy nightmare. After more than a month of constantly hauling the rigging and pulling the oars, the weary seamen crossed the Tampico bar on January 28, 1687. Waiting for a fair wind, they remained in the port almost six weeks. Two Tamaholipa Indians joined the crew as interpreters before they put to sea again on March 8.

Beyond the Río de las Palmas (Soto la Marina), the piraguas ran along a sandy beach studded with barren dunes, near the broad saltwater lagoon called Laguna Madre. At a break in the barrier island the mariners suffered near disaster when a band of Pelón Indian archers, after friendly overtures, seized a sailor and ripped off his clothing. The threat of Spanish muskets freed him. At the Río Grande the voyagers sounded the shallow bar but withdrew when naked natives

Tattooed natives with shaved heads appeared from behind the dunes, offering a tipless arrow in peace.

menaced with bows and arrows. A continuing parade of curious Indians passed before them as the explorers inched northwestward, between raucous thunderstorms, along the Padre Island shore.

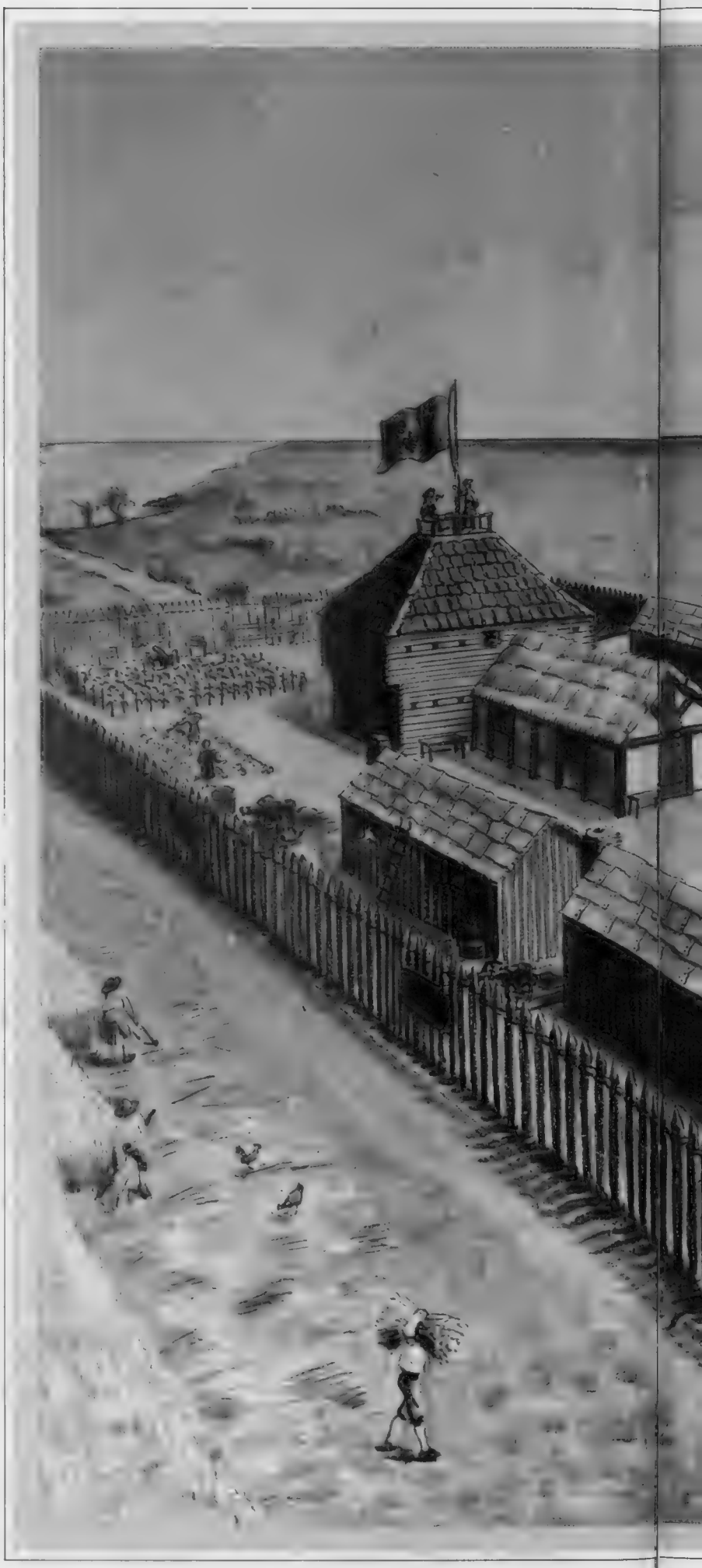
On March 20 a "river mouth" was discovered in latitude 27°46′, indicating Old Corpus Christi Pass. Tattooed natives, their heads shaved like the Pelones, appeared from behind the dunes. They offered a tipless arrow as a peace token, but the interpreters could not understand them.

Sailing on, the Spaniards found evidence that the French had reached this section of the Gulf. Some twenty miles up the fog-shrouded coast, several sailors embarked in a launch to sound "a large bay or lake that has two river branches" called Río de Flores (Cedar Bayou). In a maze of channels and small islands, the sounding party came suddenly upon an Indian canoe. As the natives fled to shore, the Spaniards seized the canoe, finding contents that reawakened them to their purpose—pieces of rigging, tools, and weaponry of French manufacture, items that obviously had come from a rather large ship lost nearby.

From the Río de Flores, *Rosario* and *Esperanza* sailed northeast along level, barren stretches of sand marked only by low dunes, seeking further clues. On the second day they came to Matagorda Bay, described as being so large that land could not be seen beyond it. Commemorating the feast day, the captains named the bay San Bernardo.

At the anchorage near the eastern point, *Esperanza*'s ensign, Francisco de Aldama, boarded a launch to take soundings and look for Indians. Rowing up the bay side of the peninsula, his crew spied the hulk of a European bark aground not far from shore. Initial surprise gave way to keen excitement as the searchers examined the craft, for she had three fleurs-de-lis emblazoned on her poop and was fitted out for war: the first sure sign that La Salle's colony lay close at hand. Barrels of powder, rendered useless by the weather, littered the beach. On board were six mounted and woolded artillery pieces, besides the two iron swivel guns that Aldama took with him. The ship, almost new when lost, had suffered the ravages of time. Her masts, riddled with shipworms, had toppled into the water. Her deck was awash.

On board *Esperanza*, the captains heard Aldama's report



*This watercolor is a conjectural reconstruction of Fort Saint Louis at Matagorda Bay, based in part on a freehand sketch by an officer of Spanish explorer Alonso de León. When León came upon the French fort in 1689, he found the buildings in ruins and three human skeletons nearby. La Salle's misplaced settlement had met total defeat.*

WATERCOLOR BY TOM JONES. COURTESY VICTORIA BANK AND TRUST

According to the two castaways, Corso's galley had sailed west, a step ahead of starvation.

and assessed all the evidence at hand. The bark, with only a thirty-foot keel, was too small to have provided the ship fittings found in the canoe at the Río de Flores; a larger French ship must have been lost also. This conclusion was reinforced later with the finding of a rudder shaft from a vessel "larger than any of the Spanish Windward Fleet," in the entrance channel. Only a fool, Enríquez Barroto opined, would have attempted to enter such a shallow bay with a ship so large; if the French intruders had tried to land here, they had certainly met disaster.

MISFORTUNE, INDEED, STALKED THE FRENCH COLONY, located just a few miles distant at Fort Saint Louis. At this moment it contained only a dispirited remnant of some twenty colonists—the maimed and misfits left by La Salle to guard the fort while he looked for his fatal river. The French explorer, having suffered countless setbacks besides the loss of his ships, lay dead in the East Texas wilds, the victim of assassins among his own followers.

Unaware of these events, the Spanish explorers felt obliged to reconnoiter the entire bay in quest of the French colony. The bark (*Belle*, the French king's gift to La Salle) was stripped of rigging and artillery. Then Captain Iriarte embarked with Ensigns Miguel Barroa and Aldama in canoes. Accompanying them was the old pirate Juan Poule, who, with plunder in mind, had visited this bay a year ahead of La Salle.

After probing several inlets, the canoemen went ashore at Sand Point, not far from the supply dump La Salle had set up while moving his colony inland. But then a sudden turn of events forced the Spaniards out of Matagorda Bay, delaying the discovery of Fort Saint Louis. At Sand Point, ten strapping Karankawa Indians came out of the wood, making unintelligible signs. In token of friendship, the explorers laid down their muskets and ungirded their pistols and cutlasses. Hoping to induce the natives to go with them to the ships, they passed out gifts of knives, beads, and tobacco. The Indians, however, took the presents and started off toward their village. When Aldama and Poule, followed closely by Iriarte, seized one native by the arm, the Karankawa, a veritable giant, took offense, wounding all three men with the knife they had given him. The other Karankawas, hidden in tall grass, began shooting arrows. Interpreters Antonio and Felipe, standing off with bows and arrows at the ready, saved the day, buying time for Ensign Barroa to bring up his musketeers and put the Indians to flight.

Weighing anchor on April 10, the voyagers sailed eastward, seeking further sign of the French settlement. After killing several buffalo near Galveston Island, the explorers encountered friendly Indians who declared by signs that they had never seen white men before. The shoal-marked entrance of Galveston Bay (Río Bajo) and shallow Sabine Pass (Río Dulce) were passed by as being unlikely places for La Salle's landing. Tall pines appeared, then a stretch of coastline that ran almost east-west in latitude 29°47′. Then came the Calcasieu River, which the small ships ascended more than a mile to anchor near some native huts.

The sea-weary sailors found welcome respite with the Indian women, who were readily seduced with trinkets. At this Indian settlement, the Spaniards learned a new chapter in the tale of Juan Corso and the missing Spanish galley. There, among the Atákapas, were two castaways from Corso's ship: the Spanish-speaking Apalachino Indian Pedro, who had been impressed as an interpreter by Corso's men, and a Christian lad from Mexico, Nicolás de Vargas. Clothed in animal skins, his face marked by grotesque Indian tattoos, the boy wept with joy at the sight of the Spaniards.

The two castaways related that Corso's galley, after contrary winds had forced abandonment of its foraging party at "a river far to the east," sailed westward along the Gulf shore, a step ahead of starvation. By the time it reached the Calcasieu, Corso himself had died and many of his men had succumbed to starvation. The survivors cannibalized the bodies of the dead and boiled their skulls to make a broth. To escape such a fate, Pedro and Nicolás deserted, putting themselves at the mercy of the Atákapas. Corso's galley, now commanded by Pedro de Castro, sailed on westward with only thirty-five of the original 130 men. What had become of them no one could say.

With Nicolás and Pedro translating, the Atákapas told of a ship that had wrecked on a western river; the castaway crewmen, they said, had horses and firearms and were hunting buffalo. Did the natives speak of Corso's men, or La Salle's? Whichever the case, the captains felt compelled to investigate. Accompanied by the two castaways, they set sail to retrace their route.

Entering Sabine Pass, they probed the shallow channel toward Sabine Lake before they were overtaken by a band of Atákapas from the Calcasieu, traveling on foot. The wrecked vessel, the Indians said, was on a river still farther west. With these new guides the Spaniards made sail for Galveston Bay, which they explored for the first time.

As the reconnaissance proceeded, Nicolás clued the captains to discrepancies in the Indians' story, causing the mission to be abandoned; it seemed likely that the Atákapas and the Karankawas had joined in the massacre of Castro and his men. Having lost two weeks on the fruitless quest, *Rosario* and *Esperanza* sailed east again.

AFTER EXPLORING ATCHAFALAYA BAY, the voyagers groped their way among the islands and shoals just west

*An assassin in the underbrush takes aim at La Salle, who—with a priest—has just discovered several corpses from an earlier murder. From Hennepin's* New Discovery *(1698).*

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By a flickering campfire, one Spanish soldier elegized the end of the daring French venture.

of the Mississippi Delta, then skirted the multiple passes of the great river itself. For a century and a half after Alonso Alvarez de Pineda discovered the mighty Río del Espíritu Santo and Soto's survivors sailed down it, the Spaniards had managed to ignore it. Now they found the river wild and forbidding.

On May 20 the explorers came to North Pass, discovered by Enríquez Barroto and Romero on their previous voyage. Thenceforth the way was known; the two ships hastened toward San Marcos de Apalache and fresh provisions.

After leaving the Apalachino interpreters and Pedro the castaway at San Marcos, the piraguas threaded the oyster banks and returned to sea to complete their circumnavigation of the Gulf. Water shortages and illness from drinking brackish water attended the rest of the voyage, but the two small ships returned to Veracruz on July 3, 1687, having made a thorough reconnaissance without loss of life.

A jubilant viceroy heard reports of the Rivas-Iriarte expedition. Intelligence obtained through diplomatic channels dovetailed with conclusions concerning the ship remains at Matagorda Bay (Bay of San Bernardo). For a certainty, it seemed, the French invaders had been destroyed by the wilderness, the Indians, or their own ineptitude.

Still, disturbing reports from various quarters dictated that the search go on. Roving Jumano and Cíbolo Indians brought news of white men among the Tejas (Hasinai) Indians of eastern Texas to the Franciscan missions at La Junta de los Ríos—the junction of the Río Conchos of Chihuahua and the Río Grande. Early in 1689 Captain Juan Fernández de Retana led a land expedition from Parral to find the foreigners and "to explore Espíritu Santo Bay or any other port at which they might be settled." Reaching the Pecos River in Texas on March 3, he met a band of natives led by Juan Sabeata, principal chief of the Cíbolo and Jumano nations, returning from Tejas country. From these Indians, Fernández heard the first news of Fort Saint Louis's destruction by the Karankawas. All the foreigners were dead, the Indians related, except a few still living among the natives of that region.

The captain turned back to Chihuahua, where subsequent interrogation of a number of Indians produced information that even yet defies the credulity of historians: the French intruders, intent on taking the mines of Parral, had on several occasions ascended the Río Grande by canoe as far as the Cíbolo village near present-day Langtry, Texas. French documents of the La Salle episode offer no verification. There can be no clearcut answer to the riddle concerning the direction and extent of La Salle's early exploration from Fort Saint Louis. The written accounts by participants, while allowing latitude for various interpretations, seem to dispute the Indian version.

Alonso de León, by this time serving as governor of Coahuila, wrote the final chapter on the search for the French settlement. Having found Jean Jarry, a demented fugitive from La Salle's crew, ruling over an aggregation of Coahuiltecan Indians north of the Río Grande, León set march across south Texas with Jarry as his guide. On the bleak, rainy morning of April 22, 1689, León came to the ruins of Fort Saint Louis, deserted and silent, overlooking the stream now known as Garcitas Creek, in Victoria County, Texas. A short distance from the ravaged buildings lay three human skeletons, gnawed clean by wild beasts. One, with an arrow stuck in the back, bore fragments of a woman's clothing. That evening by a flickering campfire an anonymous Spanish soldier composed an elegy lamenting the tragic end of the daring French venture and warning future intruders upon the Spanish realm.

From the scattered villages of the Karankawas and the Hasinai, León gathered up the handful of French survivors, some of whom still had history-making roles to play, in French or Spanish service, from Mobile to Santa Fe.

La Salle had goaded the Spaniards to a renewed burst of exploration, culminating in the founding of Franciscan missions among the East Texas Indians and the occupation of Pensacola Bay. But they left the Mississippi unguarded—the continent's greatest river, the ultimate key to its conquest. Into the breach came La Salle's successors to paddle their canoes up the mighty waterway, to trap and to trade, and to blend their own distinctive hue with the Spaniards' and the Indians' in the colorful fabric of the American West.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Juan Enríquez Barroto's diary of the Rivas-Iriarte voyage, obtained by the author in Madrid, sheds new light on a part of the Spanish search for La Salle known previously only from correspondence. It augments the published sources, including William Edward Dunn, *Spanish and French Rivalry in the Gulf Region of the United States, 1678–1702* (1917), and Robert S. Weddle, *Wilderness Manhunt: The Spanish Search for La Salle* (1973). Concerning the first voyage by Enríquez Barroto and Antonio Romero, see Irving A. Leonard, "The Spanish Re-exploration of the Gulf Coast in 1686," *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* 22, no. 4 (March 1936).

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**Robert S. Weddle,** *a former newspaper and book publisher, is author or coauthor of seven books. Since 1981 he has combined writing with raising registered Angus cattle near his hometown of Bonham, Texas. He is nearing completion of a new book manuscript,* Spanish Sea, *relating the episodes of discovery and exploration in the Gulf of Mexico prior to the La Salle episode.*

*A descendant of a pioneer Texas family, artist* **Tom Jones** *has always been interested in the history of his state. His watercolor in this article was done as part of a larger project commemorating the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Victoria, Texas.*

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# Will James—Inevitable cowboy

## With pen and brush he portrayed the West in fact and fancy

by William Gardner Bell

At 5:15 on the morning of September 3, 1942, cowboy artist and author Will James died at Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital following his collapse the week before at his Los Angeles home. Only fifty, he succumbed to cirrhosis of the liver and chronic nephritis brought on by a long bout with alcoholism. A life that had begun with a dream ended in a nightmare. Yet all was not lost: although the man passed on, the achievements of his formidable talent survived him. His works remain secure in American art and literature.

Will James's reputation as a writer and illustrator was firmly established long before his death. His first two books, *Cowboys North and South* (1924) and *The Drifting Cowboy* (1925)—both compilations of magazine stories—caught the public eye, but his third book, *Smoky,* published serially in *Scribner's Magazine* before it came out in book form in 1926, gained enthusiastic acclaim from readers of all ages. For *Smoky,* James won the Newberry Medal, awarded annually for the best children's book written by an American. His selection for this honor might have been questioned if his true lineage had been public knowledge. But it was not, and this unique story about a man and a horse won justifiable acclaim, while its autobiographical quality set the stage for the appearance in 1930 of James's *Lone Cowboy: My Life Story.*

In his professed autobiography, Will James alleged that he was born without benefit of doctor at a campsite "amongst the elders and quakers bordering a little creek which run into the Judith basin in Montana." He said that his father, Bill, was a long, lean Texas cowboy, and his mother, Bonnie, was a southern Californian with "some Spanish blood." Will lost his mother, according to this account, when he was about a year old, and by the time he was four, his father (after being gored by a steer) "joined her acrost the Range Beyond." An old-timer named Jean Beaupré adopted and raised Will.

Thus did Will James set life's scene and ratify a fiction and a dream. Living up to it hounded him to the end.

Will James was born of French-Canadian parents at the little village of Saint Nazaire d'Acton in Quebec province, Canada, on June 6, 1892. The second son of Jean and Josephine Dufault, he was baptized Joseph-Ernest-Nephtali Dufault and called Ernest. The Dufaults had six children: there were two other boys—Auguste and Phillipe—and three daughters—Anna, Eugenie, and Helene. The parents, espe-

From **All in the Day's Riding** © 1933 Charles Scribner's Sons, 1961 Auguste Dufault

(Opposite) *Will James and Alice Conradt were married in 1920 when he was twenty-eight and she was sixteen. Here the newlyweds pose in front of their first home, a cabin on the slopes above Nevada's Washoe Valley. The Bull Durham medallion stringing from Will's pocket indicates the makings in his cigarette.*

(Above) *Drawing by Will James from* All in the Day's Riding. *When James pictured the cowboy and cow pony in powerful action, he drew upon firsthand experience. As a drifter on Western ranges he lived the hard times of a ranch hand. Though James knew the discomforts of cowboy life, he portrayed it as exciting and romantic.*

Courtesy Special Collections, University of Nevada Reno Library

From **In the Saddle with Uncle Bill** © 1935 Charles Scribner's Sons, 1963 Auguste Dufault. Courtesy Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hays, Arizona West Galleries, Scottsdale

Will James pleaded guilty to cattle rustling and served time in prison where he began his artistic career.

*Pencil drawing by Will James, 1934, 14½" × 18", from* In the Saddle with Uncle Bill. *"As an all around rough and reckless good cowboy there was few could of tied with him." This is an excellent example of James's roping scenes, for which he is noted. The drawing was used with an article on James's life in the* Billings Gazette *in November, 1942, at the time that James's ashes were spread over his Smoky Lane Ranch in Billings.*

cially the deeply religious mother, saw singular qualities in their second son, and as Ernest progressed through his formative years, Josephine Dufault's perception of her offspring's natural aptitudes and creative faculties reached beyond normal maternal pretensions. Ernest reinforced the sense of speciality by demonstrating as early as age five an innate ability to draw animals in exceptional proportion and detail.

The Dufaults moved to Montreal soon after Ernest was born. There his father owned a small boarding house, the Hotel Union, whose transient tenants left behind spent periodicals to which the Dufault children happily fell heir. The future Will James's early years coincided with a burgeoning literature on the American West, and it takes little imagination to see young Ernest poring over Dime and Nickel western novels and the pictorial weeklies and monthlies of the period. The French-Canadian environment at the turn of the century also exposed Ernest to the trapping and trading fraternity from the Canadian wilds, and it was certainly this background that provided at least part of the material for later fabrications.

In 1907, at the age of fifteen, Ernest Dufault cut the binding ties of home and family and headed West. He took with him a yearning for the far horizon, a passion for horses, and a fascination for the life of the cowboy. It is unfortunate that the disappearance of Ernest Dufault and the hatching of Will James was so shrouded in mystery. Yet that was his design. The transformation occurred over the course of several years while James learned English, developed skills of the cowboy, got into serious trouble with the law in both Canada and the United States, and carefully covered his tracks. His autobiography, a mix of fact and fiction, led readers to take him on faith and accept the creative invention that he had been raised by a French-Canadian trapper who died by drowning in a swollen stream, leaving Will an orphan once again.

IN THE YEARS SINCE JAMES'S DEATH, much of the make-believe has been exposed, a few truths have been confirmed, and yawning gaps have been filled, partly by the Montana press but more substantively by Anthony Amaral in his 1967 biography *Will James: The Gilt Edged Cowboy,* republished in 1980 as *Will James: The Last Cowboy Legend.* Amaral suggests that the trapper story was probably James's convenient means of explaining away his telltale French accent.

In the transitional period that took the teenage boy into young adulthood, Ernest Dufault held a variety of jobs befitting his age, inexperience, and general disconnections, first in Alberta and Saskatchewan, then south of the border in Montana, Idaho, and Nevada. A shooting scrape in Canada, recounted in perhaps doctored form in *Lone Cowboy,* probably hurried his steps across the line and undoubtedly inspired his use of several aliases. C.W. Jackson became W. R. James and then William Roderick James; Will James evolved even while the erstwhile Ernest and his immediate companions had a propensity for just plain Bill.

As a footloose cowboy, Bill James honed his skills as he roamed the West, and it was while he was drifting and working in the Nevada range country that he ran afoul of the law once again. In 1914 he and Lew Hackberry rustled thirty-one head of cattle bearing the Swallow brand, trailed them to a shipping point in Utah, and sold them in Denver. Hackberry accompanied the shipment while James remained behind to sell their horses, planning to rendezvous with Hackberry at Provo, Utah. But the theft was discovered, and James was apprehended and jailed at Ely, Nevada. He changed a not-guilty plea to guilty and was sentenced to a term of twelve to fifteen months in the Nevada State Prison at Carson City.

From childhood tracings on odd bits of paper spread on the floor at home, Ernest Dufault had nurtured inherent artistic inclinations and had scattered embryonic sketches along his trail in Canada and the United States. The abrupt interruption of his ramblings and enforced inactivity of prison life turned James to this creative outlet in earnest, and his efforts inspired what was surely his first critical mention in the press. The *Ely Record,* headlining James as "Something of an Artist," saw him as a "natural" talent, especially good on ranch scenes, one who "with proper training... would soon be able to do first class work."

On two occasions, Will James came out on the short end of furious encounters with wild broncs and was literally thrown into circumstances that became influential in his career. The first time, while breaking horses at a line camp on the California-Nevada border south of Carson City, James took a lashing hoof to the jaw that cracked and unseated some teeth and left him in excruciating pain. Will went to Los Angeles for dental repairs and there stumbled upon the Clarence Jones Stables, which supplied horses and cowboys for Western movies. Bill James rode into the camera's eye as a cowboy and stunt man, worked as a double for the Thomas Ince Studios, and acquired a nodding acquaintance with an industry that would beckon from another angle later on.

A period of aimless wandering, after the Hollywood interlude, came to an abrupt end at Winnemucca, Nevada, when the local draft board tapped James for service in World War I. Just in time to prevent his designation as a draft dodger, William Roderick James, claiming Billings, Montana, as his birthplace, was inducted into the army effective May 20, 1918, and assigned to Headquarters Company of the Twenty-first Infantry Regiment at Camp Kearny outside San Diego. The Twenty-first was assigned to Mexican border service, and although it was a foot unit, mounted scouts were used to ride point. Private James, serial number 529223, became a scout and was detailed additionally to take care of the officers' mounts. His military service, lasting into 1919, found him in his element.

James's second landmark punishment at the hands of a horse occurred at Reno several months after his return from military service. He, Fred Conradt, and Elmer Freel—a trio of buckeroos who called themselves the "one-elevens" and inspired the "111" symbol that became part of James's signature on sketches in the 1920s—teamed up to stage bronc-riding exhibitions to earn some income. While preparing for an event, James climbed aboard Happy, a black that had not been ridden for several months. The horse bucked James onto a railroad track, tearing open his scalp and putting him in the hospital with a severe concussion. Convalescence at the Conradt home led to two significant results: a realization that art offered a more promising future than bronc riding, and a recognition of a flowering interest in Fred Conradt's teenage sister Alice.

WITH ALICE'S ENCOURAGEMENT, WILL JAMES enrolled in the California School of Fine Arts in San Francisco. The budding artist broadened his exposure by meeting Lee Rice, Maynard Dixon, and Harold Von Schmidt, all successful working artists with useful connections. James's personal inhibitions in art class were reinforced by Dixon, who advised Will to quit school lest the academic formality ruin his style. After only days of classroom instruction with models, James reduced his feelings to essentials: "If I'm to draw udders, I'd rather draw them on cows than on nice ladies." On that note he left school.

Although the financial return was minimal, California opened opportunities for Will James that gave him a halting

From **The Dark Horse** © 1939 Will James; 1967 Auguste Dufault Courtesy Mr. and Mrs A. P. Hays, Arizona West Galleries, Scottsdale

start in his profession. He did poster drawings for business concerns, including one for Levi Strauss. More importantly, armed with a letter of introduction from a fellow patient in the Reno hospital (courtesy of the bronc Happy) and with encouragement from Dixon and Von Schmidt, James looked in on Joseph Henry Jackson, associate editor of *Sunset Magazine*. Will showed him some sketches, and on a second visit, sold a pair for fifty dollars. Von Schmidt gave him a push with a letter to Charles K. Field, *Sunset's* editor and head of the firm, suggesting a Will James sketch series. The idea took hold, and "One Man Horse" appeared in the January, 1920, issue to launch a series that started James slowly on the road to success. The November, 1920, issue, containing a five-page picture story, included a few paragraphs of Will James's writing to go with nine sketches. This was the cowboy artist-author's first published combination of words with pictures and a sign of things to come.

Bill James and Alice Conradt, a girl twelve years his junior, were married at Reno in July of 1920. California, Arizona, and New Mexico, in turn, beckoned to their hopes and dreams, but they knew little more than frustration and discouragement until their path crossed that of Ed and Wallace Springer at Santa Fe. Ranchers on the Cimarron, the Springers became Will James's first patrons. They bought some of his work and arranged for him to meet Burton Twichell, dean of students at Yale University, who got him a scholarship at New Haven. But once again Bill found that art school—even the one that Frederic Remington had attended—was not for him, and once again he dropped out.

During these years, James's creative energies turned to writing as well as drawing. In the fall of 1922, he produced his first substantive literary effort, "Bucking Horses and Bucking Horse Riders." He wrote it with pen and ink in a graceful, legible hand. He drew a dozen sketches to illustrate it, and remarking to Alice that it was "too easy done to be any good," he mailed the piece to *Scribner's Magazine* in New York. There it came close to being rejected, but the art work won out over the unconventional English. James received $300 for it—plus a fortune in inspiration.

The cowboy artist-writer had made a vaulting leap into a difficult field. His story was published in March, 1923, the public responded favorably, and Scribner's asked for more. During the rest of the 1920s, Will James's illustrated stories began to appear in the *Saturday Evening Post, Southwest Review, Sunset,* and, of course, *Scribner's Magazine*.

James's career was made possible by Charles Scribner's Sons, magazine and book publishers. Important in this development was Maxwell Perkins, Will's editor at Scribner's. With the remarkable Max as his editor, James became a member of an exceptional group of literary lights that included Ernest Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Struthers Burt, and Taylor Caldwell. Considering his style of writing, it is almost ludicrous to find Will James in such company. Certainly a heavy-handed editing of his work with an eye to correction would have ruined his style. But Max Perkins was one of a

With permission United Press International

Will James told Alice that he thought his first illustrated literary effort was "too easy done to be any good."

(Opposite) *Pen-and-ink drawing by Will James, around 1938, 9" × 8", from* The Dark Horse. *"The little gray hardly left the chute and didn't cover much more than ten feet of ground in his bucking." One of James's favorite subjects was the rodeo. In this typical scene of hard-punching action, the rider is left in an apparently lost situation, which James describes as "Now—getting too high."*

(Above) *In May of 1935 Will James painted a mural in the clubroom of Los Rancheros Visitadores in Santa Barbara, California. He joined that colorful group in preparation for their annual ride by horse and stage through a historic land-grant region, observing the Spanish custom of visiting neighboring ranches during the spring roundup.*

From **All in the Day's Riding** c) 1933 Charles Scribner s Sons, 1961 Auguste Dufault Courtesy of Mr and Mrs A P Hays, Arizona West Galleries, Scottsdale

James fell increasingly under the spell of drink, and what should have been an idyllic life fell apart.

(Above) *Pen-and-ink drawing by Will James, 1924, 12½" × 15", from* All in the Day's Riding. *"It must be great to be a cowboy, so free and have nothing to do but ride and ride and ride." James's sentimental attachment to the working cowboy is evident in this range scene. The relaxed, solitary figure, enjoying a respite from tiring hours in the saddle, has an obviously close attachment to his pony and displays an amused tolerance for the curious calf.*

(Opposite) *At age sixteen, Ernest Dufault (later, Will James) reached western Canada, donned cowboy garb, and began his apprenticeship in the trade that had captured his dreams. With rope in hand and six-shooter at hip he posed at a line camp on Sage Creek in southern Alberta in 1907.*

kind; he recognized raw talent when he saw it, and he knew how to make the idiomatic style work. James's style was patently contrived yet natural, a strange blend of authentic range jargon, pulp romanticism, and grammatical anarchy. Some thought it was phony, but Will James pulled it off. As Ed Ainsworth remarks in *The Cowboy in Art* (1968), James's vernacular

> was so individualistic and, in many senses, so exaggerated that it could have been atrocious. Yet it was not. It was saved by the living, breathing essence of truth and sincerity that stemmed from his absolute and total command of the subject. [His] language from anybody else would have been ridiculous, yet, with his deep understanding of cowboys and horses and the perfection of his accompanying art work, it became a fitting and appropriate vehicle to convey his meaning, even though the reader-viewer might be totally unfamiliar with cowboy lingo.

FROM THE MID-1920S TO THE MID-1930S Will James was at his peak in creative power and technical excellence, writing and illustrating a series of works that brought him fame. *Smoky* and *Lone Cowboy* won James a place in American literature; both were made into motion pictures in 1934. *Cow Country* (1927) and *The Three Mustangeers* (1933) sustained his reputation, while *Sand* (1929) and *Scorpion: A Good-Bad Horse* (1936) fell short of the pacesetters in critical acclaim though not in reader favor.

Courtesy Special Collections, University of Nevada Reno Library

Several of James's later books like *All in the Day's Riding* (1933) and *Flint Spears: Cowboy Rodeo Contestant* (1938) appeared first as magazine articles, and several others like *Young Cowboy* (1935) and *Cowboy in the Making* (1937) were arranged from previously published works. Appealing juvenile stories like *My First Horse* (1940), adapted from previous material and published in small editions, are difficult to find today. James conceived his last book, *The American Cowboy* (1942), as the ultimate saga of the culture hero who was the incarnation of James's life dream and as the crowning accomplishment of his career. Because of James's personal deterioration, the work turned out to be an episodic rehash of earlier themes, little enhanced by a weak attempt to introduce some historical framework.

Will James's art came before his writings; it escorted his literary works into the mainstream of publication and gave the words their significance. His art could stand alone; his writings would have some difficulty staying afloat without the graphics—his graphics. James was thoroughly competent in pen and ink, and outstanding in pencil with either soft lead or charcoal shadings. He was not, however, the best of painters, for he did not use his colors well, and his composition left something to be desired. If James had lived longer and had been free of the curse of alcoholism, it is possible, given the potential revealed in his paintings, that he could have conquered the color medium and moved beyond illustration into fine art.

Will James's drawings developed spontaneously from native talent complemented by personal experience.

> I feel a good horse under me [James wrote in *Lone Cowboy*] wether he's bucking, or running, or cutting out a wild cow, and it don't matter where I'm at when I draw or paint 'em because I can always feel 'em and from the tip of my boot-toe to my hat-band. What's inside of that hat-band is not anything I'm bragging about, it's just some place that seems to hold what other parts of me has felt and flinched at while going thru the mill, and that all runs down my neck and arm where my fingers do the work of putting the happenings down on paper or canvas.

Putting both word and picture down became more and more of a burden as the 1930s progressed. James fell increasingly under the spell of drink, and the quality of his writing and art declined. What should have been an idyllic life on his Rocking R ranch at Pryor, Montana (the dream spread that *Smoky* had made possible, that Charley Scribner supported with substantial advances, and that Bill visualized as the ultimate of everything), began to fall apart.

Eventually, Alice James returned to Reno to live with relatives, unable any longer to influence her husband or endure the pain of his apparently irreversible disintegration. A legal separation followed. Then his longtime friend, associate, and brother-in-law, Fred Conradt, powerless as well to cope with James, gave up the ranch superintendency and took his wife and son back to Nevada. In the end, the Rocking R was frittered away under alcoholic and legal complications, and Will James was reduced to living in a small hillside cabin at Billings, Montana, as his permanent base.

From September skies over that little rimrock studio in 1942, a plane scattered Will James's ashes to the winds. A cluster of friends below heard a eulogy and exchanged melancholy words while the Lone Cowboy's last remaining saddle horses, Pecos and Cortez, grazed nearby.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

In preparing this short study of Will James's life I have used two basic sources: Anthony Amaral's 1967 biography, *Will James: The Gilt Edged Cowboy* (revised and republished in 1980 as *Will James: The Last Cowboy Legend);* and the Will James correspondence file of over 1600 items in the Charles Scribner's Sons Archive in the Princeton University Library collections. The particulars of James's military life are contained in his service record in the Army Personnel Center in Saint Louis. The newspaper and periodical files of the Library of Congress offered a wealth of supplementary material on the man and his works, and it was essential to read (or reread) the cowboy artist-author's books with special attention to *Lone Cowboy.* Anthony Amaral was especially helpful in responding to requests for information and materials, and Auguste Dufault, James's brother and heir, imparted some engaging and meaningful recollections and details on family life. Among many secondary works, Ed Ainsworth's *The Cowboy in Art* (1968) and Maxwell E. Perkins's *Editor to Author: The Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins* (1979) were useful for artistic and literary appreciations.

**William Gardner Bell** *is a historian in the United States Army Center of Military History. His book,* Secretaries of War and Secretaries of the Army: Portraits and Biographical Sketches, *was published in 1982. A sequel on the army's senior uniformed officers since George Washington's day is now in press.*

# Naco, Arizona's accidental place in history

## Bizarre excitements in a small border town

by C. O. Peterson

THROUGH THE YEARS I'VE CEASED TO BE SURPRISED at the number of people who seemingly don't know that the community of Naco exists—in this State of Arizona so notably uncluttered with small communities. Occasionally when I explain that Naco is on the Mexican border about seven miles south of Bisbee, I see an expression of enlightenment and hear, "Oh, I know where that is," without any further comment.

Just across the Line in Sonora, Mexico, and pushing against the international fence, the old town of Naco existed long before Bisbee, Arizona, grew to be a city. In fact Naco, Sonora, was a town in those years before the railroad, when mule-drawn freight wagons hauled supplies down to the mines in Mexico and to the church settlement in Cananea before the great copper mine was developed there. When the railroad into Mexico was built, Naco, Arizona, grew just north of the fence. But it didn't grow much. The town hotel was quite important and famous in its time, and there were a few stores and, of course, the railroad siding with its attendant warehouse.

The Newell family and several others owned the Naco townsite, and in the early 1900s, when they refused to donate land for a smelter to the Bisbee mine owners, the community of Naco, Arizona, suffered a kind of boycott and ceased to grow. It remained that way for many years, with railroad freighting to Cananea, Sonora, the community's main reason for existing. Then when the railroads and other businesses in Mexico were nationalized in the 1930s, Naco, Arizona, lost much of its railroad business and sank a little further into hibernation. A few miles away in Bisbee, the mines were thriving and provided work for Naco residents as well as for "green card" workers from across the Line.

All down through the years the border communities of Sasabe, Ruby, Nogales, Lochiel, San Pedro, Naco, and Agua Prieta were more or less involved in the revolutions, battles, and sieges of those turbulent times in Old Mexico. (More about that later.)

Of course Naco has its gate in the international fence, and United States customs office, and the immigration and customs officials have their common problems, with occasional

*This view of main street in Naco, Arizona, shows the flavor of small-town life on the border about 1913. Railroad tracks to Mexico lie down the street on the left.*

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smuggling excitements. East of the residence area are the corrals straddling the border fence, and they are still used to hold for inspection the herds of cattle brought up out of Sonora and headed for the pastures and feedlots in Arizona. During World War I, the army had a camp in the western part of Naco, Arizona, and through the C.C.C. years the camp buildings were used. Then in World War II, the army again used the camp. Officers' residences and other buildings were in fair shape during my years in Naco, and several of the buildings are still in use.

I got to know Naco and its surroundings quite well. I lived there for almost ten years in the sixties and early seventies. And Naco hasn't changed much since I first saw it. Some improvements, yes—but not many. And actually there is less business now than when I first moved to Naco and built a home. I probably would still live there were it not for the industrious burglarizing of homes by *paisanos* from across the Line during absences of the occupants or owners. I still like that border country, but it *is* a long way from places I like to visit in the West.

Naco, a town? Well, hardly. Let's just call it a community—a community that progress has almost passed by. And I like it that way. I have always believed that the best part of any town is the road leaving it. There is one paved road from Naco to Bisbee. There is one other road, gravel surfaced, that is a shortcut north to the highway leading to Fort Huachuca and its mushroom town of Sierra Vista thirty-five miles away. It is a road used mostly by workers going to and from the Fort and by army personnel headed for the pleasures and relaxation across the Line in Naco, Sonora.

From the International Gate, the main street of Naco, Arizona, runs straight and slightly downgrade for about a quarter of a mile north through town, then makes a ninety-degree left turn at the golf-course fence. Occasionally an auto leaving the Gate (with driver somewhat loaded or jittery from small smuggling) picks up speed and fails to find that well-posted, devilish turn to the left and goes rolling and bouncing through the fence and onto the golf course—and usually from there to the hospital in Bisbee. Just another Naco happening, deserving a small item in the local newspapers. That turn in

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the road was good for small bets; it is only fifty yards from my former home.

In Naco there are neat modern homes, and there are old battered adobes, relics of the early years. The main street is six short blocks long to the gate at the border and passes through to become the Calle Principal of Naco, Sonora, before shrinking to a dirt road that goes wandering wearily across the hills to Cananea. Naco, Arizona, still has a few places of business and stores that must, of necessity, deal bilingually—for one customer speaks English and deals with dollars-and-cents and the next customer speaks only Spanish and deals with pesos-y-centavos. And as the rate of exchange from dollars to pesos varies through the years, it takes a bit of mental gymnastics to keep commerce on a profitable level.

There used to be a commercial poultryman in the eastern part of Naco, but he quit. When the fierce winds of March blew across hundreds of miles of high desert, he didn't mind the wind blowing the feathers off his birds, but when those winds caused his hens to lay the same egg twice, he went out of business. You can't make money that way.

Naco's cross streets start out bravely enough but soon peter out as if afraid of distance.

There is a railroad through the center of town, running east and west, that carries freight from the main line in Benson to Bisbee and Douglas. I have heard it said that the freight train rumbling and rattling through Naco at 5 A.M. was the contributing cause of the population increase. (I'll not explain that here.)

Not so many years ago this was a main-line railroad with regular passenger service, but when Mexico nationalized its railroads, passenger service ended on the Arizona side of the Line. There is still a junction in Naco, however, where freight cars are shunted through a gate in the fence and picked up by Ferrocarril de Mexico to be hauled down to Cananea, Sonora, with all of that freight needed for modern-day mining and then brought back with great slabs of copper.

ALL OF THE FOREGOING IS A LEAD-UP to Naco's small but real claim to fame and an undisputable spot in history. Naco, Arizona, is the only community in the United States (prior to the statehood of Hawaii and Alaska) to suffer air bombardment at the hands of another nation. It didn't suffer much.

It was this way—more or less. Along in the 1920s (some say 1926, others 1929), General Topete and Governor Escobar of Sonora "revoluted" agin the winners of an earlier Mexican revolution. Theirs wasn't much of a revolution and soon pooped out, but during the hostilities Naco,

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Sonora, came under siege. Being a railroad entry into Mexico, it naturally was an important military objective.

During the siege a soldier of fortune named Murphy (an old Spanish name?) undertook, for a price, the job of bombing Naco, Sonora, from the air in a plane of World War I vintage. Considering how tricky those ships were to handle, it probably was quite an undertaking solo.

I have read several versions of the bombing. A couple of the versions were rather ridiculous. While I lived in Naco, I heard the telling of the incident by persons who lived there when it happened. Eyewitness Fred Valenzuela, now eighty-five years old but still living in town, was with the United States Customs Service for about fifty years and, at the time of the misdirected bombing, was assigned to the Naco station.

Local whittle-and-chaw historians don't always agree on Señor Murphy's flight direction or altitude, but it's quite certain he was jittery over the shooting ability of riflemen on the ground. His target was the railroad yard in Naco, Sonora. His bombs were contact-fused artillery shells fitted with tail fins. As a flyer Mr. Murphy must have been pretty good, but he was a lousy-poor bombardier. I haven't heard, but just maybe he was cross-eyed—or maybe someone he didn't like

*(Continued on page 70)*

Murphy was a lousy poor bombardier. When he dropped his bombs, they landed in the wrong Naco.

(Opposite) *Located about two hundred yards north of the international fence, this boarding house in Naco, Arizona, relied on a buffer of sandbags as protection against stray Mexican bullets. The photo, taken about 1913, provides just one example of how the little American border community adapted through the years to turbulent times in Mexico.*
(Above) *This mangled car, described by the author as a four-cylinder Dodge or a "Baby Grand" Chevrolet, caught one of four bombs accidentally dropped on Naco, Arizona, during an uprising in Mexico about 1929. The bombs were intended for Naco, Sonora, a railroad entry point, but a soldier of fortune named Murphy in a World War I bomber missed the mark.*

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# Bull Mountain Journal

## Can a Western editor find happiness as midwife to 300 cows in the midst of a Montana calving season?

by Thomas W. Pew, Jr.
photographs by the author

When the traveler today follows the high end of the graded dirt road up West Parriott Creek and into the heart of the Bull Mountains of Montana and steps across the threshold of Bob Tully's 75 Ranch house, he's crossing the same hand-hewn log that Lou Fisco cut from the woods and laid down on that spot in 1884.

Lou Fisco's threshold came to rest in its cradle of West Parriott silt shortly after he arrived in the Bull Mountains and some fifty years after a smallpox epidemic devastated the unyielding Blackfeet as no white man's rifle ever could.

The upper end of the valley that Fisco staked out for his homestead was so removed from the nearest claim office and contesting claimants that the hard-scrabbling homesteader didn't bother to break from his chores and ride in and register his little piece of Montana. By 1900 he had, by the laws of the land in those times, taken for his own a total of 640 acres at three different locations. He named his place the L-4 Ranch

*Close under a rimrock near Roundup, Montana, the main house on Bob Tully's 75 Ranch has offered shelter to hard-working ranchers since the logs were cut from neighboring woods, fashioned by hand, and laid down in 1884.*

after his L-4 brand. Lou Fisco died in 1920 at the age of fifty-nine; some say it was the first recorded death in Montana attributed to spotted fever.

The Holliday family followed the Fiscos on the place and filed on the land in the early 1900s. My friends Bob and Joan Tully bought the land and the cabin from them in 1961, and Bob renamed the L-4 the 75 Ranch after his regiment in World War II. It was on this place in a memorable Montana February and March that this writer experienced a full-immersion course in midwifing and cowboying to 48 pregnant white-faced heifers (or comin' two-year-olds, as they're sometimes called), 200 pregnant mature cows (mostly take care of themselves), 100 yearlings (no work, no babies, just eat and play), 22 friendly, black-ink-spots-against-the-snow Angus bulls (no midwifing required), and 17 horses (not particularly interested in being saddled and ridden through the chest-deep snowdrifts chasing after recalcitrant cows).

February 21. Up at sunrise to plates of eggs, Canadian bacon, pancakes, toast, jam, butter, and cups of hot coffee. More if you need it, and you'll be needing it for the day ahead. A day of learning the chores and feeding routine. The horses are in a pasture nearby; the Angus bulls are free to wander up under the rimrock and into the mountains. (The Bull Mountains were named by the Northern Plains Indians who found shaggy old bull bison using the cover of the rimrock cliffs and wooded hills to winter over on this protected high ground.) The rest of the Tully livestock is segregated and distributed in open pastures up and down the West Parriott valley.

In the afternoon we hunt down a salt box buried beneath waist-deep snow. The youngest Tully son, Pete, skids it out across the pasture on a long rope behind his high-stepping horse. The poor, vapor-snorting beast is certain that the salt box is some unknown snow monster chasing him across the

(Above) *With lariat and willing horse, Pete Tully, a son of the owner of the 75 Ranch, goes about the backbreaking chores of tending and feeding cattle during a Montana winter.*

(Opposite) *Tom Tully sees to the welfare of his father's herd with a tub full of "cakes," nutritional supplements to the animals' feed. Montana grasses offer an unusually rich diet, but when they are unavailable during the winter months, ranchers must provide protein and vitamins and minerals, lacking in hay, to keep the mother cows and their young ones healthy.*

The whole family would awaken to the clatter of little cow hooves sliding across the kitchen floor.

white crust. The more he lunges forward, the faster the salt box monster leaps and slides after, with Pete trying all the while to talk him calm, and laughing against the wind in between.

February 22. Keep passing a dead deer all day as we work up and down the valley between pastures: a fresh kill, brought down in the night by light-weight coyotes running across the snow crust. Every time we pass that carcass lying in the midst of the large red splashes on the white snow, it seems a little diminished, but we never catch a glimpse of anything prowling around. By dusk it's all gone. Even the bones. Even the red snow has been licked up. It's a hungry time of year in a lean land.

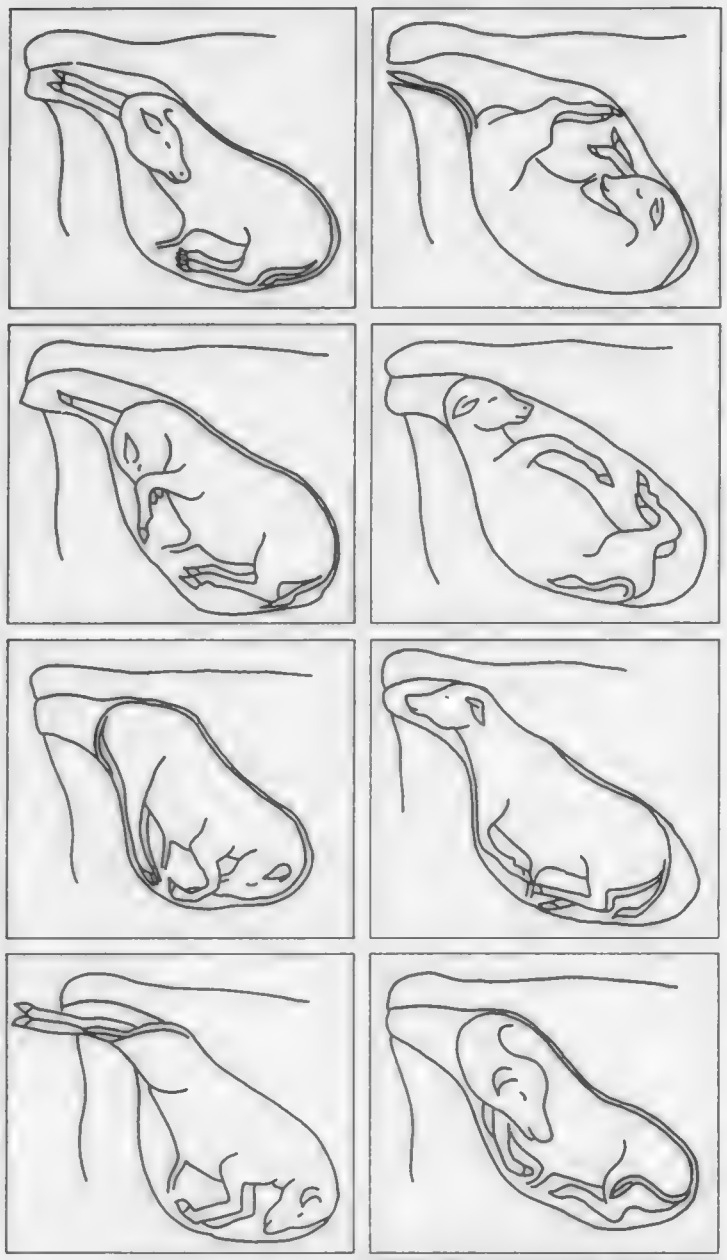
Thought we were about to call it a day when we take the hay truck to a nearby ranch and load five tons. Wind blowing ice crystals down my neck. Windows freeze up inside the cab on the way home with the heater blowing full blast and the three of us packed in there in our insulated coveralls.

March 1. Doing the chores at the heifer pen by myself this morning, feed the horses too. A kind of graduation. The handles of the gates and the wooden slide-bolts to the corrals and chutes are polished smooth by the rough hands of countless openings by Tullys and the hands of those who came before. The wood rails of the feed troughs are scalloped out in neck shapes of the thousands of cows and calves who've passed this way.

The corner posts of the pens are of pitch pine. "Stick it in the ground," Bob Tully tells me later, "and it lasts thirty years." It's what's left of an old upland pine that's been burned at least once, maybe several times—burned, but not consumed. It may appear all charred and crisp on the outside, but cut into it, and inside it's all fresh and butter-colored, and it smells just like fresh-cut pine—sweet and sticky. You make corral posts out of it, and it'll outlast your time on that ground. "A rancher lookin' to build a new corral will ride down that wood, scour the hillsides for his pitch posts," Tully tells me. "You see this wood all over Montana as cornerstones of the corrals."

We spend some time in the cold afternoon rubbing a couple of chilled calves dry. We get them back on their feet and back on their mothers, nursing as soon as possible. Joan Tully remembers when their herd was small and the children, too. They'd have the children rubbing the calves by the hour, and then at night they'd close the calves up in the kitchen with the warm pot-belly stove. In the middle of the night, she remembers, the calves would thaw out and turn frisky. Sometimes the whole family would awaken to the clatter of little cow hooves racing and sliding across the kitchen floor.

Chase a cow into the squeeze chute at the end of the day,



COURTESY SMALL FARMER S JOURNAL, EUGENE, OREGON

(Above) *Calves come into the world from a variety of different positions in the birth canal. These drawings show calving problems that mean a struggle for the cow in labor and anxious moments for ranchers wanting to help.*

(Opposite) *After a successful delivery in the security of a barn on the 75 Ranch, a mother cow earnestly licks her new calf clean. Satisfaction in a job well done is shared by both the animal and the "midwives" who attended her.*

In a singsong twang that's echoed up and down the valley for a hundred years, Bob Tully calls in his bulls.

pull a face full of porcupine quills with a pair of pliers. She doesn't like it, but it's satisfying, like getting a splinter out of your own hand.

MARCH 2. MIDNIGHT. THERE'RE THREE OR FOUR INCHES of fresh powder snow and a world of silence between the bunk house, the stars, and the corral. The snow lies on the land like fields of spilled sugar. Water vapor crystallizes directly out of the night air turning the clothesline into a wire saw sifted with diamond dust. Long needles of ice float out of the air and drift upwards in a blue-white aura towards the night light.

Beyond this meager speck of man-made light, Venus rides the clear sky in Sagittarius, Mars in Capricorn. In the corral the cows are bedded down in their bowls of ice; long thread-like spikes of delicate ice crystals grow out of their coarse, black backs in miniature stalagmites.

A good night not to have a calf. The girls seem to agree. Nothing happening in the comin' two-year-old pen tonight on the midnight watch.

March 3. Start out the day feeding the bulls. Black Angus, scattered out across the snow and up against the distant rimrock, look like a set of children's silhouettes. In a singsong voice that's echoed up and down this valley in one guise or another for nearly a hundred years, Bob calls in his bulls, and they trail their way down off the high ground, through the snow-brushed pine woods to the feeding track: slowly, deliberately, silently. Coming up just off the open tail-gate of the pickup they stand like statues, steam rising with each breath, while we poke a hole through the couple of inches of ice that has formed overnight on their drink-hole in the creek.

March 4. Northern Lights at the 4:00 A.M. heifer watch. I'm doing the chores this morning and find one with feet showing, only it's the rear feet. Run back to the house to fetch Tom. Tom hurries to the pen, takes a look and runs back to the house to call Pete. Pete's there fast. "It's a backwards one all right. Once he pops through the pelvis he's got to keep coming. It's a matter of ten seconds or so for a live or healthy birth. If the rear end hadn't come through and he hadn't started at all you could C-section him," Pete's explaining, while he and Tom are setting up fast to pull this calf.

"Pull, pull—keep him comin'. If we don't get that calf out now, that girl might crater along with her calf." The calf comes, but none too quick. We sling the calf quickly upside down against the rails. Tom shoots a little squirt of alcohol into the calf's nose and runs his fingers as far up its throat as he can reach, pulling out the excess fluid that's inevitable with a breach calf. The rest of us tickle the calf's

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It's ironic, this thaw. We all wished for it, but now it threatens the ranch as we throw the last bale of hay.

nose with a straw, and it begins to breathe.

March 5. Another calf on its way first thing this morning. It comes quickly enough once we pull her, but apparently the heifer's been in labor a long time. The calf's out but not breathing. I hold it upside down over the rails. With the length of his fingers, Tom pulls the fluid out of the throat and mouth. He presses the calf's little rib cage between his big hands. The calf struggles, kicks, tries to breathe, but it's a shallow, gasping, intermittent breathing. Finally Tom plugs the calf's mouth with his hands, closes one nostril with a thumb, and clamping his mouth over her other open nostril, breathes a deep breath into the calf. Over and over he expands the calf's lungs and forces the air out with his body pressed against the little animal, but nothing comes of it. No breath. Tom rises from his knees, his face and mouth smeared with blood and the fluids of birth. The calf's death colors the day.

In the afternoon I follow Pete across his big pasture in the truck while he rides and ropes new calves and we tag their ears, inject them with vitamins, and check them for scours. There are so many calves being born to the mature cows up here in this pasture, it's easier to check them and treat them here than to drive them up to the pens. There's a thaw on, too, and the weather's turned easier for calving in the open, but not for hauling hay. Bob's in Roundup to get another tractor-trailer load of hay, and there's no way he can bring it out the soft road.

In the afternoon the backwards calf dies. It lived forty hours, and we tubed a lot of milk down its throat, but it never got up or nursed on its own.

After supper another calf coming in the heifer pen. We pull her. I strip the sack off her head and clear her throat. We hang her up, tickle her nose with a straw, and squirt alcohol to get that first snort out of her. She's off to a good start. Later that night I go back to check on her. The cow who delivered the backwards calf is bawling into the night. When another cow's calf comes near her, she tries to claim it for her own and butt the real mother away. The other cows won't let her get away with it, though, and she fills the night with her wails.

March 6. Yesterday's thaw continues. Bob calls again from Roundup; still can't come out in the truck. It's either got to thaw more and dry, or it's got to freeze again. In spite of Bob's problems in town it's a happy day at the ranch. We give seven pairs a final check and turn them out onto the open pasture. Joan tells me: "This is the day I always look forward to. Turning the first bunch out. It's the beginning of the end. The end of the hauling. The end of the feeding. The end of winter. Suddenly you don't have such a mash of cattle underfoot. There's not this constant pressure to keep feeding. There's a little grazing, and gradually as the grass comes in and the snow melts off, the pairs begin ranging. With the grass to eat they won't come in anymore for hay or even cake."

It's the grass—Western wheat grass, green needle grass, needle and thread grass, sandberg blue grass, and blue bunch grass—that makes these hard winters worth it.

MARCH 7. STILL NO FREEZE. THE MUD ON THE ROAD grows deeper and looser as the thaw progresses, but the snowbanks along the road keep it from draining. Late in the afternoon we clean the butt of the last haystack right down to the frozen ground beneath. The insulation of the hay bales has kept the thaw from this spot, and many of the bales tear apart or are frozen fast to the earth.

Nightfall, and the road is still too muddy to risk bringing the semi load of hay through from Roundup. If it doesn't freeze tonight we'll be going the nineteen miles with small truckloads of hay in order to continue feeding. That's a lot of work, a lot of expense in gas and time, and even in the lighter truck it will be hard to bring a full load through without getting stuck. It's ironic, this thaw; we've all wished for the thaw. Wished for and delighted in the day we turned out those first pairs, but here's the thaw threatening the ranch as we throw our last reserve bale.

March 8. Froze last night. Enough to firm up the road. Before the sun is over the rimrock and into West Parriott Creek valley, Bob and Tom are off to Roundup to pick up the load of hay. Bob shoots by the house in his big, red, hay-hauling rig and salutes the house with a couple of "blats" from his air horn on the way up to Pete's place to unload. They'll be back for me in a few minutes. Fifteen tons of new hay to unload. Is this my second, third, or fourth semi load?

In the afternoon I help pull a calf I recognized as being on the way. I recognized it early on and feel good about that. I clear the mouth and nose with my hands. It's a lively wriggler of a calf and a calm, good-tempered cow who seems to sense we're helping her and her calf rather than threatening her. I like the feeling.

March 10. Bob's gone for hay again with the big rig, but the Musselshell River is backing up now behind the ice. The main highway is closed. The farm roads are closed. The bridge is nearly awash with high water. The low-lying parts of Roundup are being evacuated. In the afternoon we can hear the boom across the hills as someone attempts to dynamite the ice jams.

In the afternoon I gather pairs with Pete on horseback, and we put them through their pre-pasture examinations, innoculations, and ear-tagging. Ninety calves born, checked over, and turned out so far. Riding, and hearing ground squirrels: a sharp pop of a whistle. It seems as though the sound originates inside one's head, not fifteen or twenty feet away and

*Pete* (standing) *and Tom Tully* (kneeling) *have strung up a new-born calf upside down in order to clean mucous from its nose and mouth and to help it start breathing.*

from the throat of an angry, impertinent, little critter perched atop a melting snowbank.

A hard pull late in the day. I suddenly feel old. Tired. All this birth and death, this struggle to live. While the cow is struggling in hard labor, hooked up to the block and tackle, and man and animal are sweating in the mud together, I'm acutely aware of all the sounds around us: a sick bull (brought in for watching) crunching hay, a new-born calf sucking milk, a horse cracking oats, the water pump rolling and squeaking in a constant rhythm. The sun is warm. Seems like it's really spring now, but it's only a random, impartial trap for the unwary or careless herdsman or for the sickly, unprepared, or inexperienced animal.

The laboring cow is down on her great bulging side, breathing in harsh, crying breaths, struggling to deliver this calf, and we stand and wait or get down in the mud with her to try to help. Should we take her to the vet? Increase the pull on the block and tackle? What?

Tom takes her to town. I go for a walk, hike, climb up to the top of the rimrock behind the house. It's the first time I've taken off since I started here. Over the top and right into the midst of some grazing deer—two, maybe three of them. They do their disappearing act right before my eyes. How do deer do that? There I am looking right at them, and they fade away. It's as though they magically pull the trees and underbrush around them. I sit down on the edge of the rimrock, hang my feet over, and stare at Lou Fisco's little 1884 house that just fits between by boots at this distance. I've been looking at things so closely these past few days I hadn't realized that the creek has emerged from beneath the snow, that there really are dry patches in the road that stretches up the valley and makes a bend out of sight around the rimrock on the opposite side from where I sit, that there is a lot of grass showing.

Somewhere down the valley a bull bellows, and another. Tom's pickup and horse trailer come up the valley toward the house, slipping and sliding through the mud, clanging across the cattle guards. Bob comes out the back door to meet him. The slam of the truck door is loud as the sound comes straight up to my ears. "The old girl and her calf are all right," Tom tells his father. "The vet was all ready; did a C-section on her as soon as I got her in, and the calf was nursing before I left."

Epilogue, Winter 1983

Those were the last words of my winter diary from the Bull Mountains. But even as I write this I know that those calves I helped deliver then must be "springing-heavy"—full-term pregnant—and about to deliver their own calves in the big pasture where the sweet water of West Parriott Creek flows beneath the ice and snow and where the Tullys followed the Hollidays, who followed the Fiscos, who followed the Blackfeet, who followed the Bull Bison onto the good land of the Bull Mountains of Montana.

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## Lookout *(Continued from page 14)*

from the California coast, explains Bill Noble of Marin Community College's Marin Adventures office, which sponsors trips to key whale-watching points. One especially exciting whale movement is breaching—a combined "leap, roll, and crash, sending spray high into the air," Noble said. A weekend trip to the Mendocino County coast on January 22 will give the public a chance to see the magnificent mammals as they head south to warm waters off Mexico. Another weekend excursion to coastal points near Monterey on March 5 focuses on the gray whales swimming north toward their summer home in the Arctic. Although gray whales are occasionally hard to spot, Noble says that at times one can see as many as one hundred of them in a single day.

**Ansel Adams.** Prints from photographer Ansel Adams's first major exhibition in New York will be displayed February 18 through April 3 at the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston. Titled "Ansel Adams: An American Place, 1936," the Houston exhibit re-creates the 1936 showing of forty-five works by Adams at Alfred Stieglitz's gallery, An American Place. This New York success came just ten years after Adams gave up a promising career as a pianist to devote himself to photography. Rendered in sharp focus with emphasis on texture and detail, Adams's prints for the 1936 exhibit include close-up studies of cottonwood trunks, fences, eucalyptus leaves, and other objects in nature. "Ansel Adams: An American Place" was organized by the Center for Creative Photography of Tucson, Arizona.

**Japanese Americans.** The sixty-thousand or so Japanese Americans who lived through World War II in relocations camps may receive financial compensation if the federal government follows recommendations expected from a nine-member panel appointed by Congress in 1980. One member of the Commission on Wartime Relocations and Internment of Civilians, former Representative Robert F. Drinan of Massachusetts, said that compensation of up to $25,000 for each detainee may be recommended. According to other panel members, however, the amount of compensation to be proposed has not been settled. The commission also plans to call upon Congress and the president to issue a formal apology to the Japanese Americans who were detained. A total of about 120,000 Japanese American citizens and permanent resident aliens were relocated during the war to detention camps in California, Utah, Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, and Arkansas.

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# Avalanche in the Cascades

## A deadly trap on the Great Northern line

by Oliver Chapple

On the night of February 28, 1910, the forty-three passengers on board Great Northern Railway's Local No. 25 settled into an uneasy sleep. Their train was trapped. Impenetrable snowslides blocked track to the east and to the west, bringing Local No. 25 to an indefinite halt on the backbone of the perilous Cascade Range. Four long days had passed and still the westbound train was stranded at the little town of Wellington, Washington, just beyond the western end of the Cascade Tunnel.

On March 1 shortly after midnight nature gave her only warning of disaster as lightning flashed and thunder cracked above the snowy peaks. Then it was too late. With an eerie rush, a great wall of snow descended—flipping boulders, uprooting trees, and hurling Local No. 25's line of cars to the bottom of a steep ravine. Electrical engineer Charlie Andrews awakened railroad workers with the tragic news: "Avalanche! The trains are *gone*."

Today, eighty-year-old Raymond Starrett of Mount Vernon, Washington, is the last-known living survivor of the terrifying avalanche that took ninety-six lives. "I've carried this scar on my forehead since I was seven years old," says Starrett, "but it wasn't until fifty years after the accident that I learned who saved my life." On the fiftieth anniversary of the Wellington tragedy, Raymond Starrett's experience was told by Ruby El Hult in *Northwest Disaster: Avalanche and Fire*. One of the readers of the book was Basil J. Sherlock of Willmar, Minnesota, night telegrapher at the scene of the avalanche. He wrote to Starrett:

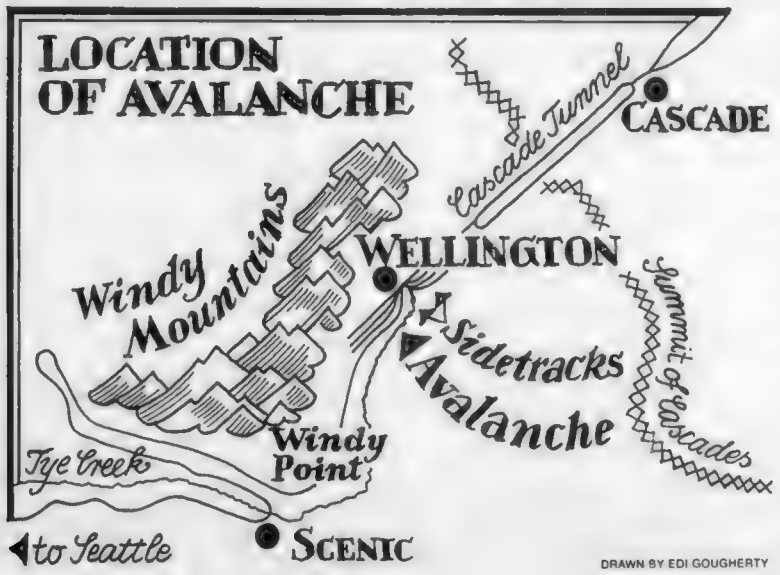
> When I first saw you, Raymond, you were lying on your back on a table in the dining room of Bailets Hotel. . . . There was a two-foot varnished sliver running through the skin of your forehead. We didn't have a doctor, and no immediate help was expected. I was afraid of infection and blood poisoning if we didn't get that stick out. Mrs. Bailets brought a new razor which she boiled, and I cut the splinter out. I saved as much skin as I could, but I knew it would leave a nasty scar.

On Tuesday evening, February 22, 1910, seven-year-old Raymond Starrett climbed aboard Great Northern Railway's Local No. 25 at the Spokane station. He was traveling with his mother, Ida; his sister, Lillian; and his eight-month-old brother, Francis; as well as his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William May. They were headed to the Mays' home in British Columbia after the death of Raymond's father, a Great Northern employee, in a train collision near Spokane.

Minutes before the whistle blew on that cold Washington's Birthday, the brakeman, Ross Phillips, dashed into the station to get a newspaper. He was eager for news about the world lightweight boxing championship between Ad Wolgast and Battling Nelson. With the paper tucked in his coat, Phillips barely had time to swing onto the observation platform of the last car when it pulled out of the station. Later, Phillips said he wished he had missed the train.

Train crews dreaded the entire Cascade Division in winter.

AUTHOR'S COLLECTION




DRAWN BY EDI GOUGHERTY

*Exhausted rescue workers pause for a moment at the bottom of Tye Canyon amid a treacherous tangle of uprooted trees and splintered cars. The appalling wreckage reflects the fury of the March 1, 1910, avalanche in Wellington, Washington, which engulfed Great Northern Railway's Local No. 25 in a wall of snow. Ninety-six people died in the disaster, but some lives were saved through the courage and perseverance of volunteers at the scene. Passenger Ida Starrett endured eleven hours beneath the snow before rescuers heard her cries and dug her free. The Wellington tragedy was one of the worst avalanches in the history of American railroading.*

**DRAWING OF STEVENS PASS, C. 1895.** PHOTO BY STEVE FARNUM

*The drawing* (above) *depicts the dangerous series of switchbacks on the Great Northern line that carried trains over Stevens Pass before the opening of the Cascade Tunnel in 1900. Constantly blocked by snowslides, this early route over "Death Mountain" was a nightmare for trainmen and passengers alike.*

(Opposite) *The March 11, 1910, issue of the* Seattle Times *carried this photograph of plucky avalanche survivor Raymond Starrett in the arms of Dr. A. W. Stockwell of Monroe, Washington. Bandages cover the gash made by a two-foot splinter when the train in which the boy was sleeping plunged down the mountain. This picture was taken on the day the first relief train arrived—ten days after the avalanche.*

The jagged peaks and glacier-carved cirques retained tremendous amounts of snow and ice. Into this domain of white death the Great Northern Railway—dream of empire-builder James J. Hill—pushed its main line in the 1890s. After the transcontinental route was completed in 1893, trains crossed the Cascade Range by a nightmare of switchbacks plagued by rock- and snowslides. The opening of the first Cascade Tunnel in 1900 lessened some of the dangers, but nature was always ready to deal a sledgehammer blow.

Storms during that winter of 1909–1910 were among the worst on record. Fierce winds blew across the Northwest for weeks, piling late winter snowdrifts as high as thirty and forty feet in the mountains. Local No. 25 and the four-car, fast mail train No. 27, out of Saint Paul, were delayed at Leavenworth, Washington, while crews worked heroically on the slides ahead in Stevens Pass. There the tracks followed precipitous canyon walls, climbing above three thousand feet to cross the rugged crown of the Cascade Range.

At last the tracks were cleared to the little town of Cascade at the eastern entrance of the Cascade Tunnel. On the way there, the trains were run onto passing tracks to give the Chicago-bound Oriental Limited the right-of-way. Pride of

FROM SEATTLE TIMES, MARCH 11, 1910

the Great Northern, this luxurious passenger train had made it over the western slopes of the Cascades in the wake of a rotary snowplow. It was the last train to get through the pass.

At 6:00 A.M. on February 23—before entering the tunnel—Local No. 25 and the mail train were halted at Cascade. Slides blocked Windy Point, closing the main line just beyond Wellington at the western end of the tunnel. With engines double-headed for extra power, four rotary snowplows headed toward the barrier. It was rough going. Huge snowbanks were sloughing across the tracks, some containing uprooted trees and boulders like small icebergs. The crews cleared one slide only to find the track blocked ahead. As that slide was attacked they could expect the track to close behind them.

One plow was supervised by conductor Homer E. "Percy" Purcell. At Windy Point his crew found that the pathway left by previous plowing was now completely filled with hard-packed snow. As conductor Purcell ordered the plow forward, huge rotary blades cut out a twelve-foot slice, spewing snow and debris high above the engines. Again and again the plow backed up and charged, like a maddened bull, into the slide. Then the wheels stuck, completely clogged with snow

## After a frightful sound, the avalanche hit, knocking the trains down the side of the mountain.

and ice. The blades stopped turning. Unable to clear the wheels, Purcell knew his machine was out of the fight.

MEANWHILE, THE WAIT CONTINUED AT CASCADE. Thirty-two hours had passed, and food was growing scarce. The cook, John Olson, and dishwasher Henry Elliker did all they could to make the passengers comfortable, but without adequate supplies the trains could not remain at Cascade. Brakeman Ross Phillips remembered that the train wheels froze to the tracks, and section hands had to break them free.

Eventually, the mail train was permitted through the tunnel. Before the passenger train got started, freezing snow and winds knocked out the tunnel's power lines. The motors normally used to pull trains through the tunnel were out of operation; so, the engineer of Local No. 25 allowed the train to ease through, throttled back to lessen the choking fumes. Raymond Starrett never forgot the contrast between the whiteness of the snow at Cascade and the blackness of the two-and-one-half-mile ride through the mountain.

People on the train emerging from the darkness first saw Wellington as a kind of haven. The small town of plain, frame houses and stores with false fronts had grown up around the railroad in the 1890s. By 1910 Wellington was the chief service facility for the tunnel, recently equipped with electricity.

The community was situated on a small plateau at the base of two mountains. A narrow ledge allowed for the main line and passing tracks. The mountains above the town had once been covered with thick stands of fir and hemlock, anchoring the masses of snow that fell each winter. But a series of fires completely destroyed this first-growth timber. By 1910 the slopes were a jumble of blackened stumps interspersed with scrubby second-growth trees—little protection against the building pressures of snow and ice.

In the early morning hours of February 25, a slide destroyed the cook shack at Cascade, killing Olson and Elliker. Was this a warning? As the icy winds of death blew across the frozen mountains and numbed the stranded passengers, news of the tragedy at Cascade reminded them of their own peril. Fearful passengers begged to have the trains backed into the tunnel or moved to a safer place. Others objected, dreading the fumes and dampness of the tunnel.

James J. O'Neill, superintendent of the Cascade Division, refused to move the trains. No one at Wellington remembered slides occurring where the trains then stood. Besides, the coaches were too deeply buried to be moved immediately. The superintendent's presence was a mixed blessing. Some passengers were comforted to see his private car sidetracked

AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

*The awful human toll of the Wellington avalanche is powerfully conveyed by this historic photograph. The bodies of the dead have been wrapped in Great Northern Railway blankets and strapped to Alaskan sleds for transportation from Wellington to Scenic, a difficult journey over steep terrain.*

---

next to theirs. Others were frustrated to realize how little the man in charge could do to help.

Four days passed at Wellington. For most of the passengers and idle crewmen, boredom competed with misery. Raymond Starrett played with other children in the snow, while the adults read, shuffled cards, and swapped yarns. As food grew scarce and tempers flared, twelve strong-bodied passengers hiked to the hotel in Scenic, three miles to the west. One member of this expedition returned to Wellington with word that conditions on the trail were impossible for women and children. The weather worsened; the trap was closing.

SNOW TURNED TO RAIN ON THE EVENING of February 28 as the beleaguered travelers went to sleep. Just after midnight on March 1, electrical engineer Charlie Andrews was awakened by a noisy storm. Fearful that the booming thunder might weaken the snowbank around his cabin, Andrews dressed quickly and set out for a warm bed at a workmen's shack near the tunnel.

As flashes of lightning illuminated the vast snowfields on the mountain, Andrews was horrified to hear the roaring and rushing sound of avalanching snow two thousand feet above the trains. Acres of snow were propelling boulders and trees down the mountainside like a mighty bulldozer. Then—as Andrews alone looked on—the icy claws of cascading death closed on the sleeping trains. The fifteen cars of Local No. 25 and the mail train—along with sidetracked boxcars, electric motors, and Superintendent O'Neill's private car—were engulfed by the avalanche. Ice, trains, and unfortunate victims were swept one hundred and fifty feet down a steep gorge toward the frozen Tye River.

Anguished shouts from Andrews awakened the other railroad workers. A search for survivors was organized while a member of the section crew carried the news to Scenic. He staggered into the hotel at 7:00 A.M. and sobbed out the story. There, rescue workers quickly packed supplies, climbed an eight-hundred-foot embankment, and hiked three miles of slippery trails to Wellington where the hard task of searching for bodies and caring for survivors had begun.

Raymond Starrett was sleeping with his sister, Lillian, in a lower berth across the aisle from his mother when the avalanche hit. "Mother said she awoke to a frightful sound and thought the whole mountain had slipped. She was completely terrified by the awful violence," Starrett remembers. The Starretts' car reared and bucked like a monster aroused. It struck another object, veered over sideways, then tumbled down the cliff, throwing passengers from side to side and from top to bottom.

"Mother landed with a jolt that knocked her senseless,"

*(Continued on page 67)*

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*(Continued from page 64)*

Starrett recalls. "When she revived, she was lying face down under the snow with my baby brother beneath her."

Mrs. Starrett could not move. Some heavy object was pushing her down. By holding her breath and listening to the baby's breathing, she knew that Francis was alive.

"She was in terrible pain from the weight on top of her," Starrett explains. "Mother tried desperately to reach Francis, but she gave up when he stopped breathing. After eleven hours, Mother heard people walking on the snow and called to them. She was nearly dead when they finally got her out." Mrs. Starrett was the most seriously injured of the survivors and the last person to be found alive.

Many acts of heroism occurred. Sherlock, the night telegrapher, remembered that "snowplow conductor Percy Purcell was found on top of the snow. His arm was broken and his leg burned. He got his leg bandaged and his arm in a sling, then stood for several hours holding blankets up to the hotel stove with his good arm, so that we could thaw out those who were nearly frozen."

Of the passengers on board Local No. 25 when the avalanche hit, only eight survived. Thirty-five passengers along with sixty-one trainmen and postal employees were entombed in the snow. Superintendent O'Neill had hiked to Scenic before the avalanche to telegraph news of the snowbound trains, and so was spared.

Later, O'Neill, Purcell, and other Great Northern officials testified at a trial after the family of a victim in the avalanche sued for damages. The case was heard all the way to the Supreme Court of the State of Washington, where it was dismissed. The Great Northern Railway was exonerated.

*The devastating avalanche of March 1, 1910, knocked more than fifteen railroad cars down the mountain as if they weighed no more than a few pounds. After the disaster, photographer Asahel Curtis focused on these massive engines jutting from the snow like some black beast slain in its tracks.*

Raymond Starrett's mother, Ida, remarried and lived in Everett, Washington, until her death in 1961. Her mother, Mrs. William May, survived to live an active life and died at eighty. Raymond Starrett's Grandfather May and his sister, Lillian, perished with little Francis Starrett in the avalanche.

Soon after the accident the name of Wellington was changed to Tye to discourage the doomsday thoughts of apprehensive travelers. But neither name appears on maps now. The tunnel that might have sheltered the stranded trains that fateful winter of 1910 has long since been replaced by another, cutting the Cascades at a lower elevation. Wellington is gone, burned to remove the hazardous nuisance of an abandoned town. The tracks became scrap in World War II.

Today cars speed across Stevens Pass on a four-lane highway, and travelers often gaze in awe at the huge, steel-reinforced concrete snowsheds across the valley. Few know the tragedy masked by these snowsheds, but Raymond Starrett remembers.

**Oliver Chapple** *is a northwest author, historian, and educator. He resides in Redmond, Washington.*

THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

# Now That the Buffalo's Gone

## Reviewed by George P. Horse Capture

**Now That the Buffalo's Gone: A Study of Today's American Indians** *by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1982; 300 pp., illus., biblio., index, $15.95).*

In the late 1960s a group of Indian students, enrolled in a class at an eastern Ivy League university, listened attentively as their scholarly professor explained that the Mandan Indian tribe of North Dakota was extinct. One Indian student, after glancing out the window, raised his hand. When acknowledged, he said with impish delight, "In regard to your last overwhelming statement about the Mandan people being extinct: This is very strange because I can see one right now, out this window, walking across campus. He's my cousin, and he is a Mandan."

It seems that for innumerable reasons, many of which are explained in this book, the worlds of Indian people and non-Indians are separate and only rarely meet. The readers are in for a rare treat here. With great insight and understanding, Mr. Josephy has built us a bridge between the two worlds. After a lifelong interest in the Indian of the past and today, and as author and editor of numerous works about the American Indian, Mr. Josephy truly knows that the Mandan *and* the Mohegans still live on this earth.

This enlightening work is divided into three major parts. The first addresses perpetual issues that have remained fairly constant over the years, such as the Indian people's determination always to remain Indian, the racial stereotypes, and the efforts to retain spirituality. The second section speaks for today, as shown by the struggle to hold onto land, water, and fishing rights. The final part deals in depth with self-determination and sovereignty. The two chapters that are most meaningful to me are those that deal with the Indian people's will to be always Indians and their drive to preserve their land base.

The chapter on the Native Americans' will to endure is an exciting trip through history with the Indian people of Florida. Many non-Indians seem to think that the existence of Indian people on this continent began with the European "discoverers," but the author takes us back in time, past the mere 500 years of foreign occupation, to at least 11,000 years ago when the First People arrived here and spread to most areas of the hemisphere. Those who chose to live in the Southeast have a glorious and proud history, one that is explained here in great detail.

Throughout centuries of struggle, the Florida Indian people were never totally defeated by the White man. After all this warfare and pain, they still prefer their independence and culture over all others. They represent all Indians. Mr. Josephy states with astute accuracy, "The American nation is dotted with communities of Indian peoples who will not die as Whites and whose tribal cultures will not vanish."

The genesis of another meaningful chapter is keenly stated in the preface. The author says: "But the conflicts of yesterday, to most non-Indians, are part of the past, a closed chapter of history. What do they have to do, they ask, with the needs and realities of the present-day United States and with the modern generation, which was not to blame for what occurred one or two centuries ago?" The author attempts to answer these questions. Certainly the callow view of most Whites reveals either intellectual isolation or some strange form of blindness. Anyone who knows anything about Indian history and contemporary Indian struggles quickly sees that the injustices and exploitive actions of "the past" have never stopped. They continue to this day and will be here, smothering us, forever.

In the 1950s the United States Army Corps of Engineers decided to build a dam on the upper Allegheny River. As usual, the dam site would affect Indian land. In spite of strong Indian opposition the $120 million dam was built. The reservoir inundated approximately 10,000 acres of the only habitable land of the Cornplanter Indian reserve in Pennsylvania, which included the grave of the Senecas' religious prophet Handsome Lake and parts of the Allegany Indian Reservation in Pennsylvania and New York. Not only were the Indians' ancestral lands and homes lost, but the oldest still active Indian-White treaty was broken, a treaty made with the tribes by George Washington.

Later, similar devastation resulted from the construction of numerous other damn dams spread across the country on Indian land. These forces against the Indian people are abroad right now, and as they continue we must all share the responsibility. The weapons may change, but the results are the same—the Indian people lose.

The lack of footnotes is eased by a massive bibliography in this easy-to-read document. Although I have read about and experienced many of the injustices that are explained in this book, I feel more whole after having read it. The pain and frustrations of our Indian history give me hope —not in the unchanging situation but in the strength of Indian people themselves. Our history clearly proves that like the Mandan, Mohegan, and the Buffalo, Indian people have never left this place. Now we have our computers and slide rules in addition to our tipis and feathers, but we will always be here.

I heartily recommend this book for those who want the "inside" truth. It has heart and soul. Mr. Josephy has earned an eagle feather for this one.

*A member of the Gros Ventre tribe,* **George P. Horse Capture** *is Curator of the Plains Indian Museum at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming.*

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The bombing must have had a terrific psychological effect—scaring Naco, Arizona, out of fifty years' growth.

(Above) *The Southern Pacific Railroad depot in Naco, Arizona, provided grandstand seats for viewing skirmishes south of the border. The excitements that attracted this crowd probably occurred prior to the Murphy bombing episode, which was also witnessed from the depot's roof and porch. During that incident, a bomb hit a boxcar on the siding track in front of the station's warehouse, whose roof is visible at far right. The author reports that the station buildings looked much the same in the 1960s.*

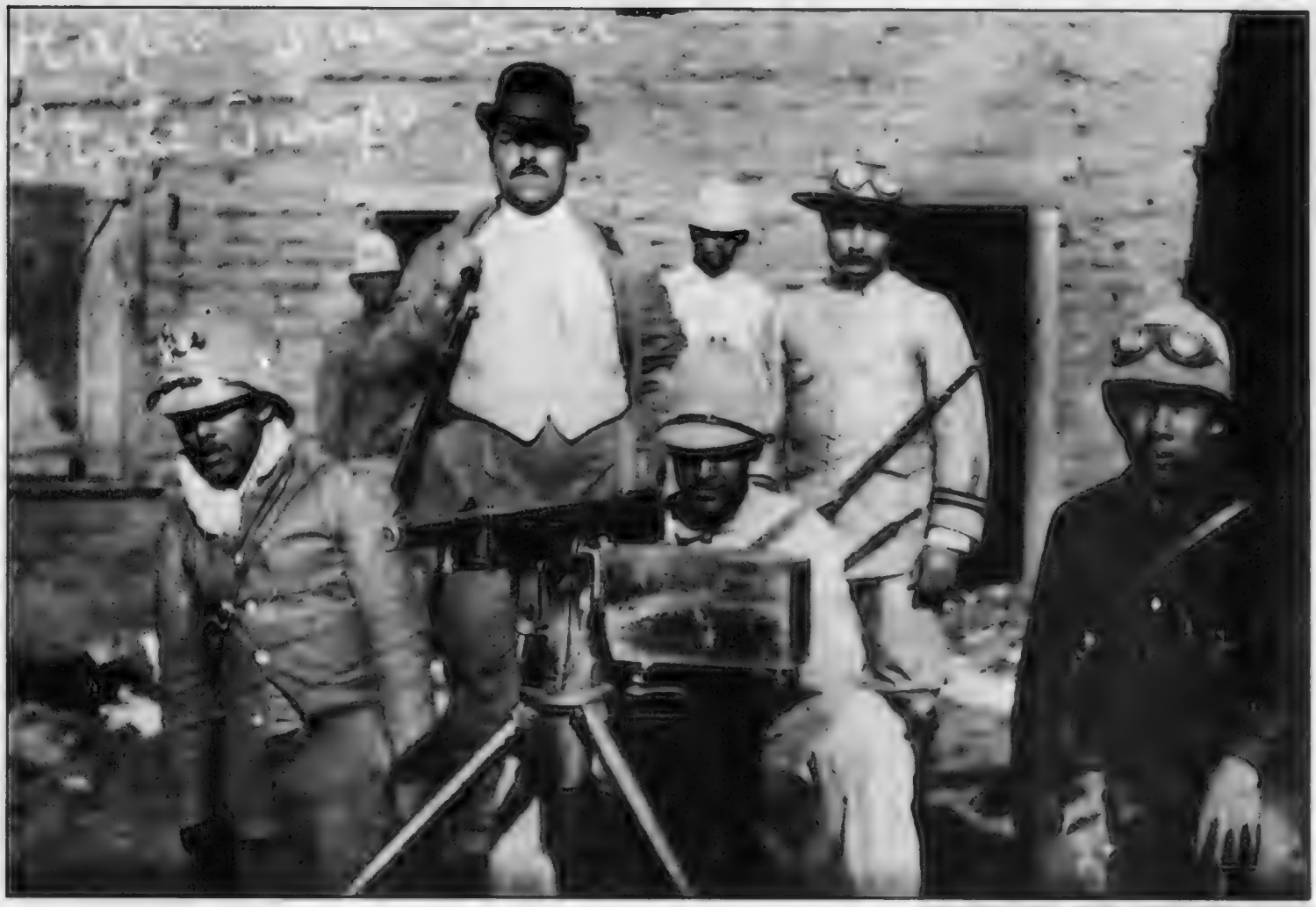
(Opposite) *A burly-chested member of the Mexican regular army poses for the camera in Naco, Sonora, surrounded by other troopers in a machine-gun squad. This photo was taken in the early twentieth century, when movements against the government kept Mexican regulars along the border on their guard.*

lived in Naco, Arizona. Anyway, when he dropped his bombs, they landed in the wrong Naco.

Local narrators agree that only four bombs landed in Naco, Arizona. One was a dud and another landed on a boxcar with disconcerting and disintegrating results. No great physical damage was done in either Naco, but the psychological effect on the town and on the Arizonans viewing festivities from the tops of boxcars must have been terrific. It must have actually scared Naco, Arizona, out of fifty years' growth. The town certainly didn't develop much during all those years that followed. And I have been told that the exodus of battle observers from Naco at the time kicked up a mighty big cloud of dust on the road to Bisbee.

In 1964 while my neighbor across the alley was spading his garden, he dug up a battered artillery-shell nose cap and several rusty pieces of iron. I still keep that old contact-fuse nose cap as a memento and paper weight. The accidental bombing didn't create much of an international incident, and there seems to be very little verified record of the further doings of Murphy the flyer.

My years in Naco were very pleasant ones, and I still have longtime friends there. And there were occasional happenings of interest—an attempted running of the Gate and chase of would-be smugglers; a rare shooting by customs or immigration officers; a fairly regular, drunk-driver accident at the bend in the road; flash floods down Green Bush Draw during the monsoon rains. Such things.



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Late one night we were wakened by the crash of a rifle shot out in the mesquite, followed by the long agonized moan of a cow-critter. Then silence again, thick and deep. Such things of course must be investigated. The local cowman grinned when he told me, "It wasn't one of mine." It seems that a couple of Mexican *vacas* had wandered across the Line via a break in the fence. Just a couple of innocent bovine "scratchbacks," but as such they became possible delegates for conversion into "mucho carne bueno" for local folks north of the Line who sometimes had a flexible and questionable code of legal ethics. To wit: those *vacas* were the property of a *Rico* who had many—they were now in *Los Estados Unidos* where they shouldn't be—*El Rico* was very careless to let his *vacas* break through the fence—and since he was so careless he wouldn't miss one.

There was much *carne* for quiet distribution. I found the place where the deed had been done, and there surely hadn't been any waste. The investigators decided that a Mexican cow had been butchered by parties unknown, and the case was closed.

I revisited Naco not long ago. Little has changed in the past few years. Renewed pavement on the main street, fresh paint and improvement of a few buildings. The Bisbee Country Club (on land donated long ago by Mrs. Jennie Newell) didn't show much activity.

In and near Naco, and all along the border, smuggling and illegal crossing into Arizona still go on. The wetbacks or scratchbacks often cross the fence into Arizona on foot and later find transportation as far north as Utah and Idaho to work in the sugarbeet and potato fields.

Ranchers say they "can't get other laborers," which—to put it reasonably politely—is a lot of baloney, no matter how it's sliced. Ranchers simply do not want to pay the higher required wages to resident workers. I have been up in that country when a lot of local high-school boys and others were looking for summer work in the fields.

I don't blame those *descamisados* from Mexico for trying to earn a living, but I do blame ranchers and others for encouraging illegal entry of workers in these times when there are few jobs, even for residents. And nowadays those *mojados* traveling on foot often tote a brick of marijuana for ready sale and travel money. Don't blame the Border Patrol and immigration officers for leaky border control; blame a lot of stupid bureaucrats for handicapping them.

To pass on a final bit concerning the community of Naco, Arizona, I recently learned that a sewage system is to be built with government grant money. And knowing Naco, it is beyond my understanding how such a small community can afford and maintain such an expensive and ambitious project. But then—I guess I'm not progressive.

*Para Naco mañana—Quién sabe?*

**C. O. Peterson** *came to Naco after more than twenty "busy, eventful, and smoky years" fighting fires in the West as a member of the U.S. Forest Service. An octogenarian who spent summers in the saddle till the age of seventy-five, he now makes his home in Apache Junction, Arizona*

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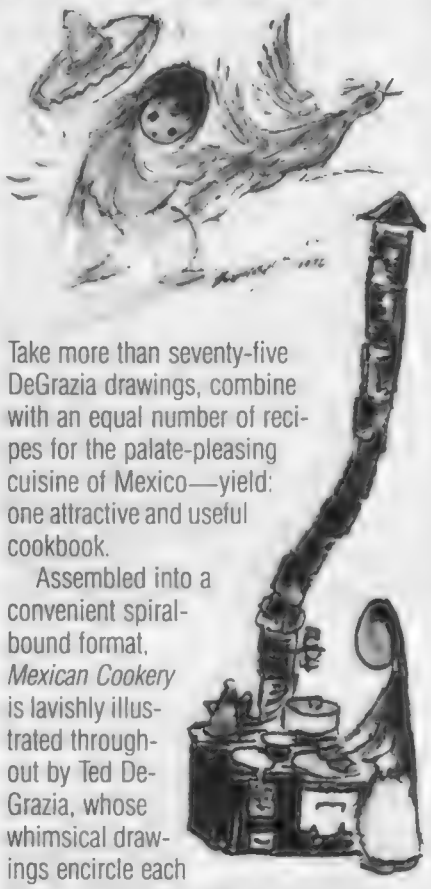

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# WESTERN BOOKS IN BRIEF

**The Desert Smells Like Rain: A Naturalist in Papago Indian Country** *by Gary Paul Nabhan (North Point Press, San Francisco, 1982; 176 pp., illus., notes, $12.50).*
In the deserts of Arizona and Sonora, Mexico, Nabhan studied desert ecology and Papago bean harvests. What he learned there goes beyond facts and figures to a philosophy of nature and a poetry of the desert long understood by the Papagos. Rituals and lore, in addition to practical information on desert farming, make thought-provoking reading.

**From the World of Roderick Haig-Brown: Writings and Reflections** *ed. by Valerie Haig-Brown (University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1982; 222 pp., $16.95).*
Haig-Brown (1890–1976), a transplanted Britisher, lived most of his life on the Pacific Northwest Coast that he loved. His essays and sketches—whether describing life in a logging camp in British Columbia or his views on education and conservation—express profound respect for and understanding of the natural world and man's place within it.

**Cowboy Life on the Texas Plains: The Photographs of Ray Rector** *ed. by Margaret L. Rector with intro. by John Graves (Texas A & M University Press, College Station, 1982; 119 pp., 90 photos, $19.95).*
Bronc busting, branding, roping, and square dancing with the ladies—these are not images of the glorified cowboy, but matter-of-fact, candid shots of life on the ranges of west Texas taken by Ray Rector (1884–1933). Each of the ninety black and white photographs is accompanied by a sentence or two about the activities, range jargon, games, or habits of these men. As a one-time cowboy and professional photographer, Rector captured the disappearing cowboy life he knew and admired.

**Buried Unsung: Louis Tikas and the Ludlow Massacre** *by Zeese Papanikolas (University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, 1982; 332 pp., notes, biblio., illus., index, $20.00).*
In investigating the life and death of Louis Tikas—Greek immigrant and union organizer—the author also examines his own past and that of hundreds of other Greek Americans in the West. The labor struggles around the Colorado coal mines and the tragic Ludlow Massacre of 1914 form the backdrop for this story of success and failure of immigrants in a new land. In his forward, Wallace Stegner calls this book poetic and profound.

**The Chilkat Dancing Blanket** *by Cheryl Samuel (Pacific Search Press, Seattle, 1982; 248 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $29.95).*
The story of this marvelous and "powerful" Dancing Blanket—its mythical origin, the development of its design, its use and significance—is told in this generously illustrated book with over 150 photographs and drawings. As a symbol of wealth and nobility, these tapestries woven of goat wool and bark have long been treasured and worn by Indian tribes of the Pacific Northwest. A practicing weaver herself, the author gives detailed, diagrammed instructions in the various techniques necessary to re-create a Chilkat Dancing Blanket.

**Women of the West** *by Cathy Luchetti in collab. with Carol Olwell (Antelope Island Press, St. George, Utah, 1982; 240 pp., 150 photos, $25.00).*
Focusing on the daily life and chores of women in the Old West, the text and delightful images in this book provide many, sometimes amusing, insights. Journals and letters describe the personal joys, trials, and drudgeries of life on the frontier.

**Desert Exile: The Uprooting of A Japanese American Family** *by Yoshiko Uchida (University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1982; 160 pp., illus., $12.95).*
This moving story describes the life of a Japanese American family in the United States during World War II. In the Tanforan resettlement camp, a transformed racetrack on the San Francisco peninsula, the author, her sister, and parents lived in a single horse-stall; months later they were moved to the Topaz camp in the Utah desert. The author vividly recounts the day-to-day struggles as well as the welcome support of

*Continued on page 74*

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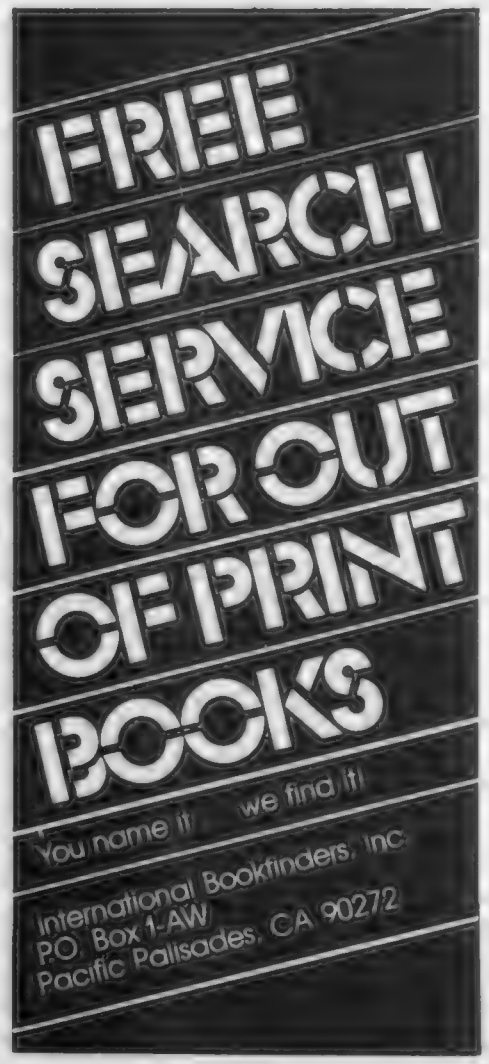



*(Continued from page 72)*

friends and outside agencies. The political climate and tension of the times are evident in this warm and unaffected account.

**The Farming Game** *by Bryan Jones (University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1982; 221 pp., $15.95).*
The author describes the peaks and pitfalls of life on the small farm with salty portraits of real farmers—Shaky Ed, the Scalper, Ike Grable. We are playfully introduced to the "smart boys," "plowjockeys," and their part in the "farming game." We also learn about the pressures of high finance and technology. A primer for would-be and beginning farmers, this is an enjoyable book for anyone.

**Apaches and Longhorns: The Reminiscences of Will C. Barnes** *ed. by Frank Lockwood (University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1982; 214 pp., illus., index, cloth $17.50, paper $8.50).*
As soldier, rancher, and legislator, Will C. Barnes (1858–1936) recalls Arizona of the late nineteenth century. His picture of Tucson in 1880 is remarkably graphic with images like the common-use hairbrush and comb, dilapidated and toothless, chained to a cracked mirror in the Cosmopolitan Hotel. This kind of first-hand appreciation follows right through the Apache encounters to the ranchers' attitudes about new federal regulations, under Theodore Roosevelt, for controlled grazing.

**Belle Star and Her Times: The Literature, The Facts, and The Legends** *by Glenn Shirley (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1982; 324 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $19.95).*
The search for the true story of Belle Star, notorious female outlaw of the late nineteenth century, makes fascinating reading and sheds light on many intriguing aspects of the Old West. Her real and supposed brushes with characters like "Hanging Judge" Isaac Parker, Jesse James, and the Younger Brothers are cleverly examined by Glenn Shirley in a readable style.

**Many Strange Characters: Montana Frontier Tales** *by James Willard Schultz, ed. by Eugene Lee Silliman (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1982; 143 pp., index, $10.95).*
Schultz (1859–1947) draws upon his acquaintance with the white folks of the frontier, capturing our interest and compassion for Indian traders, mule skinners, wolfers, and mountain men of the day. In his own words, Schultz may "draw the long bow" a little, but the truth is there with Batter-cake Jim, Longhair, and Scribbler.

**The Vanishing Race and Other Illusions: Photographs of Indians by Edward S. Curtis** *by Christopher M. Lyman (Smithsonian Institution Press, Washington, D.C., 1982; 159 pp., 129 photos, notes, biblio., cloth $22.50; Pantheon Press, 1982; paper $12.95).*
The photography of Edward S. Curtis was greatly influenced by turn-of-the-century attitudes toward the "noble savage" and has contributed heavily to the popular image of the North American Indian today. With this intriguing collection the author demonstrates how Curtis used posing and props to romanticize the "vanishing race."

**Tucson: The Life and Times of an American City** *by C. L. Sonnichsen, maps by Donald H. Bufkin (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1982; 369 pp., illus., notes, index, $29.95).*
Skillfully written, comprehensive, and entertaining, this history treats the life of an Arizona community from its existence as a seventeenth-century Indian village called *stjukson* to the growing metropolis of today. Developments over the years are all covered in fascinating detail and illustrated with over two hundred photographs and maps.

**A Pima Remembers** *by George Webb (University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1982; 126 pp., $7.50).*
In the mid-1950s George Webb, a Pima Indian, felt the need to write down customs of his forefathers for the young Pimas. The result of that effort is an engaging collection of tales and recollections about the lifeways of the Pimas—about their language, Old Man Coyote, land use and drought. Now in its fifth printing, this work is considered a classic in simple and modest style and is recommended to folks of all ways and ages.

**The Fifty Best Books on Texas** *by A. C. Greene (Pressworks Publishing, Dallas, 1982; 96 pp., cloth $14.95, paper $9.95).*
Greene's selection of "the fifty best books on Texas" has already aroused controversy in the Texas literary community. Devoting from a paragraph to a page for each book, Greene comments on works published during the last one hundred years. His own, sometimes humorous, directness reflects his statement that "Texas writing generally lacks subtlety."

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THE BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER is a nonprofit institution dedicated to preserving and exhibiting the heritage of the American West. It is also home of four major museums whose exhibits of art, ethnographic materials, and historic artifacts reflect more than one hundred years of America's colorful past. Together the museums at the Center offer an extensive view of frontier life.

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**Life Among the Apaches**
By John C. Cremony

Based on first-hand experience with the Apache Indians and first published in 1868, Cremony's account remains an invaluable source on Apache beliefs, tribal life, and fighting tactics. "A classic."–Robert M. Utley. 322 pages. Paper BB 828 $6.50

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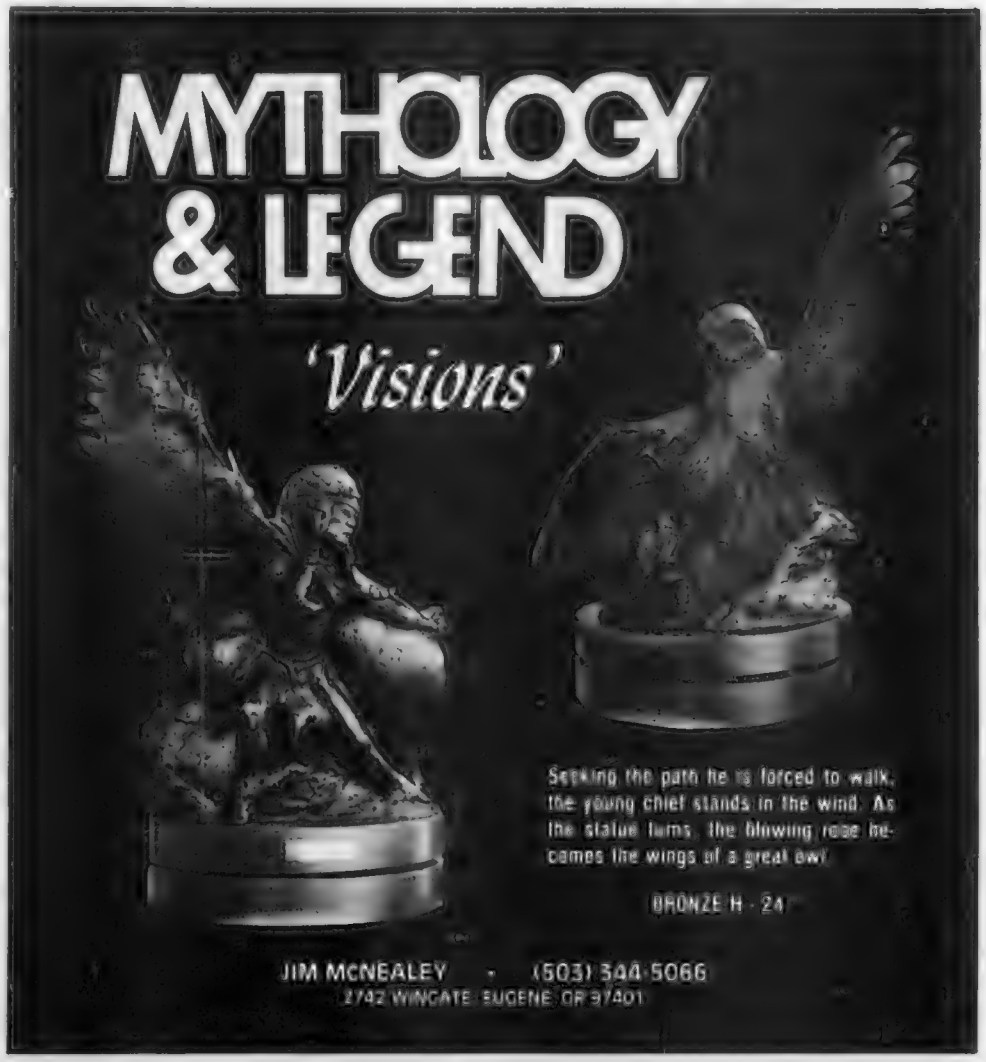
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Index to Advertisers

Abraxas Gallery ..... 24
Adams-Middleton Gallery ..... 24
Aesthetic Prints, Inc. ..... 11
American Legacy Galleries ..... 35
American West Art Directory ..... 48
American West Gallery ..... 24
American West Trader ..... 6,8,73
Arizona West Galleries ..... 79
Arrowsmith's ..... 2
Bantam Books ..... 25
Bob Miller ..... 58
Boyd Perry Collectables ..... 35
Breckenridge Galleries ..... 24
Can Win ..... 6
Campanile Galleries, Inc. ..... 59
Carol Thornton Gallery ..... 2
Casa Dolores Art Gallery ..... BC
Chart House, The ..... 7
Curtis Collection, The ..... 58
De Colores Art Gallery ..... BC
E. Cokendolpher ..... 35
Eagle Art Gallery, Inc. ..... BC
Edward S. Curtis Gallery ..... 2
El Taller ..... 13
Franklin Gallery, The ..... 16,17
Gini Gregg ..... 59
Historic Providence Mint, The ..... 15
International Bookfinders, Inc. ..... 74
James M. Haney Gallery, The ..... 14
Jasper D'Ambrosi ..... BC
Jim McNealey ..... 75
Makk ..... 49
Mammen Gallery II ..... IBC, BC
Michael Wardle ..... 10
Museum Collections, Inc. ..... 77
Northland Press ..... 72
Penni Anne Cross ..... 21
Prairie Edge ..... 79
Putney Gallery ..... 24
Quail Hollow Galleries ..... 24,65
Red River ..... 11
Redington Ranch ..... IFC
Seabourn Studio ..... 69
Segal Gallery ..... 24
Singletree Western Art Limited ..... 35
Stanford University Press ..... 74
Suzanne Brown Gallery ..... 24
Taos Art Gallery, Inc. ..... 1, BC
Time-Life Books ..... 9
Toh-Atin ..... 76
University of Nebraska Press ..... 59
Valhalla Gallery ..... BC
Veloy Vigil Studio ..... 24
Viking Ind. ..... 11
Walter J. Black, Inc. ..... 5
Waverly House ..... 7
Your Graphics Are Showing ..... 66



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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Douglas P. Newton, General Manager

**Editor's mother** on "Buck" near Point Arena, California, about 1930

At that time, 1929, or the early 1930s, ranch kids wore bib overalls and rode bareback. I was a horse-crazy thirteen-year-old who eyed that English saddle with envy, for the relic I'd fallen heir to had to be the 'deepest' saddle ever built.

One time my mother, Beulah Beebe, rode with Mrs. Pew, and I remember my mother saying that Mrs. Pew was really nice, but they had so little in common. Of course my mother was a busy ranch wife with five children, a wood stove to cook with—and money was virtually nonexistent in the 1930s.

I asked my husband, Jim Jensen, who also grew up on a ranch near Point Arena, if the name Pew was familiar. He recalled that his father, Dan Jensen, was acquainted with a Tom Pew.

The Maynard Dixon article and drawings were exciting, for my late uncle, Al Dinsdale, also taught at Arts and Crafts, and was acquainted with Maynard Dixon. Hank Dixon, Maynard's brother, was a close friend. Hank Dixon was a coppersmith and a superb craftsman. I have three pieces of his work.

This letter fairly drips with names; AMERICAN WEST is responsible for stirring the memory bank of old days around Point Arena, California.

I'm sure I'll not be the only person you'll hear from, but I'd greatly appreciate a reply. I am curious to know more about the lady who rode the buckskin horse over the old roads and trails I remember so well.

Mary (Beebe) Jensen
Wheatland, Calif.

**Pioneer Square**

I just had to write and let you know what a happy surprise it was to see the

March-April issue of AMERICAN WEST. Pioneer Square was the main transfer point from one part of the city to another and was in walking distance of the two train stations. That was when they had trolley or streetcars. I have spent much time at the Square waiting for a streetcar to take me from the north end of Seattle to the south or west end of the city. I lived in Seattle from 1923 to 1954 when I moved to Minnesota.

I would like to see pictures of old time stations before they disappear.

Florence Grotberg
Littlefork, Minn.

**Indian Culture**

I could not help but be both touched and saddened by the letter published in your September/October issue signed "Nakonia." The Lakota author expressed so effectively in just a few brief statements the very soul of a culture that very few white Americans seem to have any genuine understanding or feel for. Sadly, I must agree that the sensitivity shown by the authors of AMERICAN WEST articles he mentioned is a rarity. Especially so when compared with what has and still is being expressed today about Indians and their various cultures (including that written by many so-called white "experts").

Perhaps this accounts for the secrecy demonstrated by the Pueblos of Taos, covered coincidentally in this same issue. Lifeways such as those of the American Indians are meant to be treasured and *felt,* not held up for analysis and in turn, interpreted in light of our prevalent white attitude of "superiority." One need only to go to the movies or the nearest library or TV set to get an overdose of this ridiculous attitude.

The irony of the situation is that "White America" does a disservice to itself and its children, as well as the Indian people, by "accepting" Indian cultures on white terms only. White "interest" usually takes the form of skimming the superficial or getting hung-up on externals. Perhaps someday in the future we will develop the sensitivity to respect our land and its native people's heritage as they are meant to be respected, and responsible writing such as often appears in AMERICAN WEST will be the rule, not the exception in all media.

Judy Curtis
Edgewood, Maryland

AMERICAN WEST welcomes letters from its readers. Some editing of letters may be necessary in order to print a cross section of those we receive. Please address: Letters to the Editor, AMERICAN WEST, P.O. Box 40310, Tucson, Arizona 85717.

**Clarification**

*In "The Santa Fe Railway and Early Southwest Artists" by Ted Schwarz (AMERICAN WEST September/October, 1982), the statistics regarding the number of paintings purchased by the Railway were derived from a piece written by Keith L. Bryant, Jr., in a booklet provided to Mr. Schwarz by the Railway.*


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# Western Snapshots

With shelves crammed and clerks standing at the ready, the largest general store in Wagon Mound, New Mexico, served customers seeking everything from seeds and soaps to a leisurely chat. In this 1886 photograph, taken by an itinerant photographer, store visitors pose casually behind the potbellied stove. Children in worn trousers and whiskered men with tired faces show the effects of hard work that was part of life in Wagon Mound, a town founded in 1850 on the old Santa Fe Trail by stockmen attracted to the good pasturage.

In sharp contrast to twentieth-century convenience stores with their predictable arrangement of expensively packaged merchandise, the Wagon Mound establishment possesses a pleasing, somewhat haphazard look. Sheepskins have been tossed on a scale for weighing. Stains left by tobacco chewers mark the boards of the wooden floor. At the rear of the room, posters remind customers what kind of seeds to buy for spring planting, and an odd assortment of labeled boxes pushes toward the ceiling.

The clean-shaven clerk behind the counter is eighteen-year-old Arthur Dillon Stevens, pausing for a moment in his work filling orders. The son of a cowboy-sheepherder, Stevens followed the trade of his maternal grandfather, an Irish immigrant who started a general store in Saint Louis in 1811 after floating a loaded raft down the Ohio River and then towing it up the Mississippi. Stevens's nephew William Hawes Smith of Tucson, Arizona, submitted this appealing photograph, which preserves a once familiar scene in towns like Wagon Mound across the American West.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western snapshot is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs which tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of Western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited: so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots, P.O. Box 40310, Tucson, Arizona 85717.

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